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CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 15x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x9½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
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71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
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74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—A Nobleman of the Plains, 9x12
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99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
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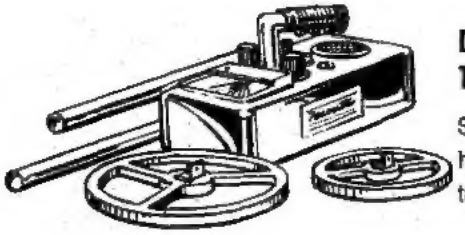

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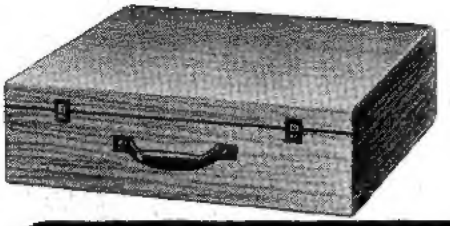

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November-December, 1972
Volume 20, Number 2
Whole No. 114

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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Cover: Lambert Florin

Elkhorn, Montana

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3338, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78764. 50¢ per copy, $5.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $6.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1972 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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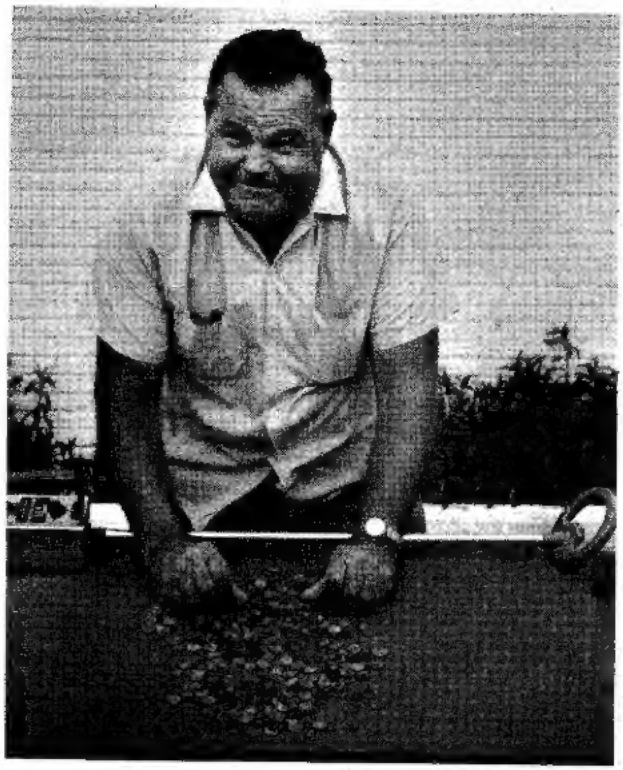
TREASURE FOUND



Dear Bill,

Recently I decided that I wanted to become a treasure hunter.

Several of my friends were having pretty good luck at coin shooting so I decided that was the way to start. Most of them (the lucky ones) were using D-TEX detectors. On May 5th, I got the D-TEX "Winner" and was soon launched on my new career.

Hunting mostly around parks and school grounds, I had accumulated the vast amount of 264 coins and felt that was pretty good for a beginner in only 8 or 9 weeks. On July 13 (my lucky number) I got up at 5:00 A.M. and headed for a neighborhood park to try to make it an even 300. I found one penny by the swimming pool. Next the monkey bars and found nothing. Then near the swings I got a loud signal. It was so loud I thought it was foil and started on. Then changed my mind and decided to dig, thinking no coin ever sounded that loud even on the surface. I had dug down about 6 inches with my knife and thought I must of had a false reading. No detector would detect a penny or even a silver dollar that deep. I stuck the loop over the hole again and the sound was so loud it almost scared me, so back to digging. The first thing was an old rotted pair of men's suede leather gloves, then I started getting coins. First 4 or 5, then a hand full.

By now the old blood pressure was getting up. I realized I was going to need better digging equipment, so looking furtively all around I quickly covered the hole. Then taking my "Winner" I nonchalantly sauntered back to the car. Looking all around and casually whistling and trying not to hurry. At last back to the car and away I went to get a shovel.

Hurrying back, I again strolled slowly back to my location, this time with a small shovel and again looking all around and being as casual as possible. I wasted no time digging it all out and into a sack. Quickly covered the hole, back to the car and away I go.

At home and still nervous as a cat, I washed and counted the grand total of 652 coins and with dates from 1911 to 1952. Makes you wonder, was it a stolen collection that the thief was afraid to spend and then later forgot where he had put them.

Anyway, it was my lucky day. I am now shooting for a total of 1,000 and don't have far to go. My total for the 8 to 9 weeks is now 916, so now I want your new Delux. If the "Winner" could find this, I should surely strike it rich with the "Delux". I also want to say "Thanks" for building such fine detectors.

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Truly Western

Remembers "Chief" Willie George

An article in the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner* about the passing of Josiah Red Wolf and telling of his people's retreat under the guidance of Chief Joseph, brought to mind an article you published in your February 1963 issue called "Two Trails" by Chief Willie George of Fort Hall, Idaho as told to Jack Conter.

All this is very interesting to me since my husband and I met and learned to know Willie George and his friends in 1955 through our efforts in carrying on a project called "Friends of the Shoshones."

In remembering how the Shoshone girl, Sacagawea, helped make the Lewis and Clark Expedition a success through her guiding them to the coast while carrying her papoose on her back the whole trip, we thought they should be remembered on the 150th anniversary of the event. So we took gifts of clothing and 908 cans of salmon which we, along with friends, had caught and canned at the mouth of the Klamath River in northern California. They sent us word to be sure and come along when we sent the gifts, as they wanted to make it a special celebration. And what a celebration!

They had a beautiful parade, riding their horses in their finest regalia. Willie George's son led the parade carrying the Stars and Stripes. Then Willie George talked to his people—mostly in Shoshone, telling them of our purpose there and that we were their true friends. Then they held a council. Mr. George asked my husband to pass the peace pipe. "Just like Lewis and Clark," he said.

Then he called me forward and to my surprise and pleasure adopted me into the tribe, naming me "Bu-he-don-ze-up" (Green Flower of the Shoshones) as he placed an eagle feather in my hair. I still have the feather and treasure it as a memento of one of the most interesting experiences of my life.

After the ceremony we had the salmon feast. They enjoyed the salmon very much as it brought to mind, especially to the older ones, how years ago the Shoshones used to migrate to Salmon Falls on the Snake River to fish for salmon. Numerous dams on the Snake River, including one on the Owhyee and Salmon Falls, have nearly depleted the salmon migration to this point nearest the Shoshone Reservation, and it had been years since they had enjoyed a salmon feast.

Next, clothing was distributed to the ones who needed it, and I might add, some palefaces might learn a lesson on manners. There was no pushing or shoving. They made an orderly line and just picked out the things they could use and really needed. After that was dancing, which lasted far into the night.

Nowadays the Indian Agent is considered the head man and the Indians do not have a chief. Yet we witnessed one of the most beautiful and impressive celebrations in our behalf that I believe has ever been seen before. The way Willie George arranged everything—he was indeed a leader of his people as his father before him must have been. So as far as we are concerned, he is "Chief" Willie George!—Mrs. Helen Ray, 100 East Bay Avenue, Apt. 3, Balboa, California 92661

At this point in the ceremony, Chief Willie George has placed his eagle feather in Mrs. Ray's hair, thereby adopting her into the tribe.

Pix as Good as Words

I will be eighty-two years old this fall and my eyes are not as good as they used to be. So I haven't been doing much reading. But I haven't lost anything by taking your magazine. I have saved these historical pictures and made three large albums with some 2,000 pictures in them. There is nothing that ever happened in the Southwest that is not in them.

Many thanks for having such a fine magazine.—Fred W. Keefer, 633 12th Street, Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

Lone Scouts Old-Timers

If you are a LONE SCOUT old-timer I want to communicate with you. You will be one of those 500,000 boys who joined the LONE SCOUTS of AMERICA, founded by William D. Boyce, Chief Totem, in 1915 through early 1924 when the LSA was merged with the Boy Scouts of America.

You were one who corresponded and exchanged hobby items with distant fellow scouts; you did degree work; you printed a tribe paper or perhaps belonged to one or more mail tribes; you may or may not have been successful in having art, cartoons, articles or stories published in the *Lone Scout Magazine*.

Since 1927 the LSA Alumni has been seeking former Lone Scouts. Write to me and you will learn more about the finest unorganized bunch of which you can become a part. Denver was chosen for our 1972 reunion, which will be our 35th. —John H. Nyssen, 712 Vernon Avenue, Williamsport, Pennsylvania 17701

Longley

I would like to get more information on James Longley, who appeared in the story "His Brother's Long Shadow" in the February '72 issue. My wife's mother was a Longley and her Grandfather Longley settled four miles northeast of Bridgeport, Texas which is in Wise County. His name was William Longley. We think William and James Longley's father were brothers.

William had a son, William Riley Longley. My wife and I stayed with him in 1928 and he told me he had a cousin,

(Continued on page 34)

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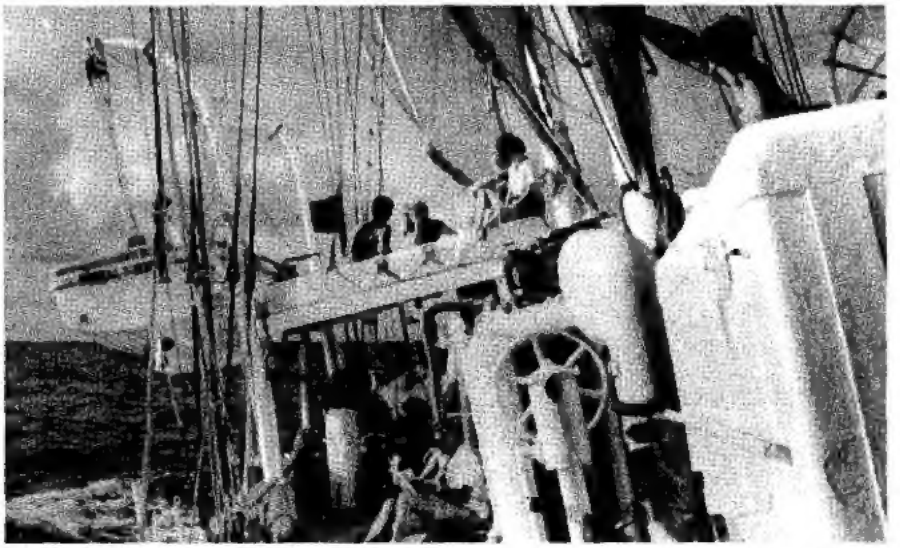
Take off your shoes.



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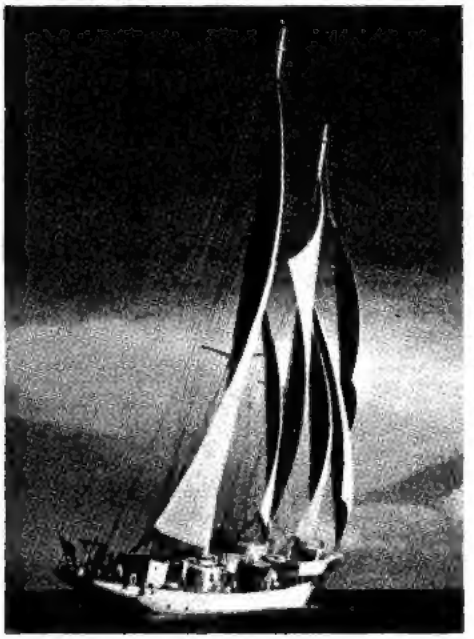

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APACHE WARFARE

General Crook and the Sierra Madre Adventure (University of Oklahoma Press, $7.95) by Dan L. Thrapp chronicles one of the most significant and successful expeditions conducted against hostile Indians in the West. Thrapp, able Western historian, also wrote *Al Sieber, Chief of Scouts* and *The Conquest of Apacheria*. The Sierra Madre expedition was planned and executed against some 1,000 Chiricahua Apaches, including more than 150 warriors, who had secured themselves in the rugged mountains of northern Mexico from where they successfully terrorized the growing population of settlers in eastern Arizona. Thrapp traces the events which lead up to the expedition itself, which has been called the most dangerous one undertaken, and the success achieved under the masterful Crook in locating and returning the Indians to their reservations. A map of the area and the routes covered helps the reader follow events. A map of the fight at Cibecue Creek is also included. The excellent bibliography and index add to the value of the book as an historical reference, one which gives needed attention to a major action which has been overshadowed by more publicized but less important military events.

JOURNEYMAN

Edgar Rye, North Central Cartoonist and Journalist (University Book Store, East Texas State University, Commerce, Texas 75428, $4) by Charles E. Linck, Jr. is entertaining and informative. Edgar Rye is a name known to most Texans and collectors of books of the Southwest for *The Quirt and The Spur* (Chicago, 1909 and reprinted Austin, 1967)—a popular account of frontier life in the Fort Griffin country in the late Seventies. That Rye was a talented cartoonist, reporter, editor, publisher, poet, essayist, humorist as well as local historian, is not so well known. The author has made a distinctive contribution to the library history of the Southwest. The book is illustrated with reproductions of many of Rye's cartoons and drawings for the many newspapers he served.

INDIAN SKETCHES

The Indians and I (Imperial Printers, $2.00, paperback) by Peter Odens is an unpretentious but interesting series of stories about Indians, based primarily on informal visits between Odens and surviving tribesmen or with their relatives. Odens has a knack for achieving considerable detail in short sketches. His book consists of ten chapters, each a story which stands on its own. The entire book is 80 pages, including some good photographs of people, significant places, and Indian arts and crafts. He writes about Winnetou, legendary Apache chief; the last massacre of Jacumba; the Quechan's impact on history; Warner's Ranch; Fort Mojave; the Piute prophet Wovoka and his ghost dance religion; the fabled cities of Cibola; the peaceful Hopis; the Navajo; and Old Posey and his last Indian uprising in the United States.

QUANTRILL

Charles Boer's *Varmint Q* (Swallow Press, $6.00) is a long epic poem on the life and death of William Clark Quantrill, the notorious guerrilla leader of Civil War days. Quantrill is best known for the infamous raid on Lawrence and for the training of such border outlaws as Frank and Jesse James and Cole Younger. The plan of the book is simple—the author sets the stage for his verse by quoting prose by previous writers on Quantrill at intervals in the text. The narrative style of Boer's verse is pleasing and the book is enhanced by 28 original woodcuts by David Hayes.

A TWO-FOOTER!

The Gilpin Gold Tram (Pruett, $8.95) by Mallory Hope Ferrell is the pictorial history of Colorado's unique narrow-gauge. It was the only two-foot gauge railroad in Colorado, about twenty miles long, and it carried ore from the mines above Central City to the smelters at Blackhawk. The text is spritely but the illustrations, particularly the remarkable original photos of the tram in action, make the book. There is a folding map in the pocket inside the back cover, a bibliography and an index. An attractive volume—strongly recommended.

COWBOY FUN

More Cow Country (Twin Palms Publishing Co., $2.00) by Tom Ellinwood is a collection of cartoons and commentaries depicting ranch life in the Southwest. The cartoons were first published in the *Arizona Daily Star*, Tucson, Arizona. Popularity of the poems and cartoons of the "author-artist" led to their being issued in the *Cow Country* paper-back. While Ellinwood's characters and situations are not quite as salty or hilarious as Ace Reid's *Cowpokes*, they present an honest and amusing panorama of rural western life, thus deflating the romantic impressions many folks have about cowboys and such.

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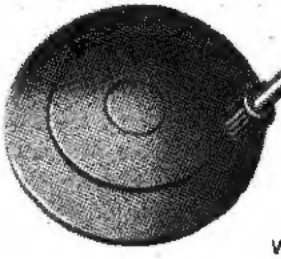

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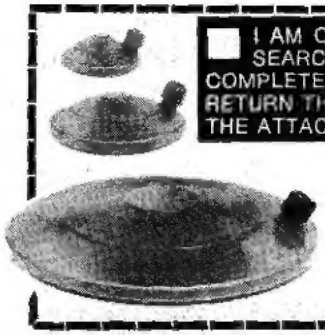

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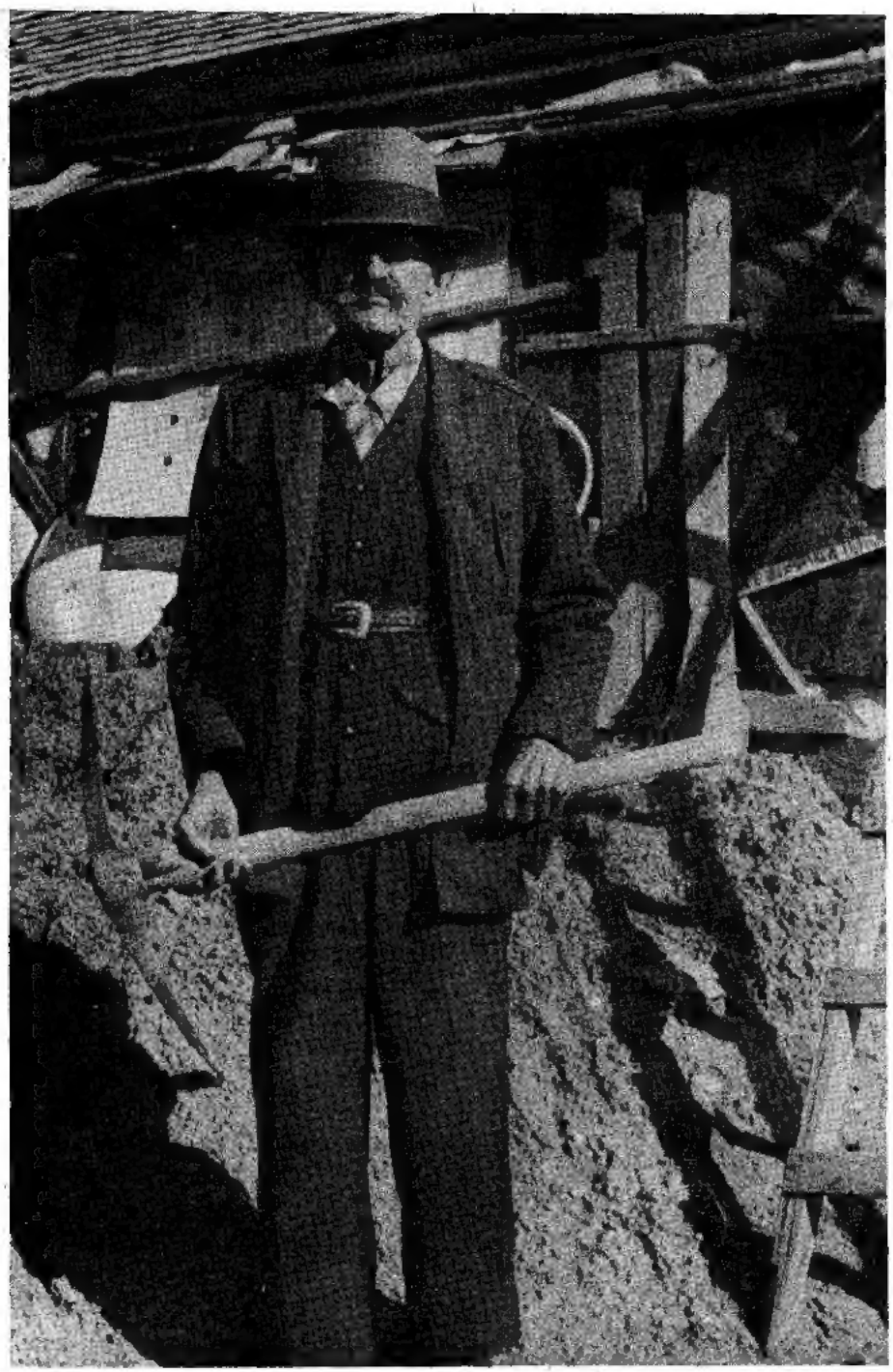
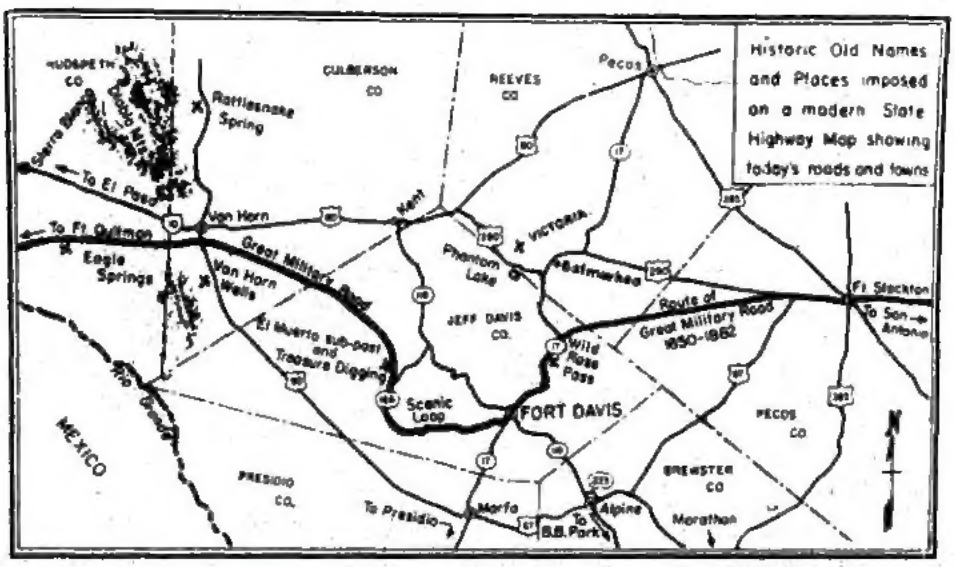


LOST MONT

—also known as the Davis Mountain Treasure and Skeleton Canyon Treasure; but whatever its name, the legend is as full of holes as an old prospector's boots

Author's note: According to Frank Dobie, "History has no more business interfering with legend than legend has interfering with history." To be a successful treasure hunter a man has to have hard facts, and recorded history is where they are. The next necessity is accurate maps. Then comes the rational putting together of the facts to get the true picture—which may not be so romantic, but it sure saves money and energy."

Above, left, this Barry Scobee photo is one of the last ever taken of Bill Cole, shown here at his treasure hole in front of his home in Valentine, Texas in the 1940s. Below, left, Barry Scobee stands behind the fireplace of the old stage stop at El Muerto Springs.



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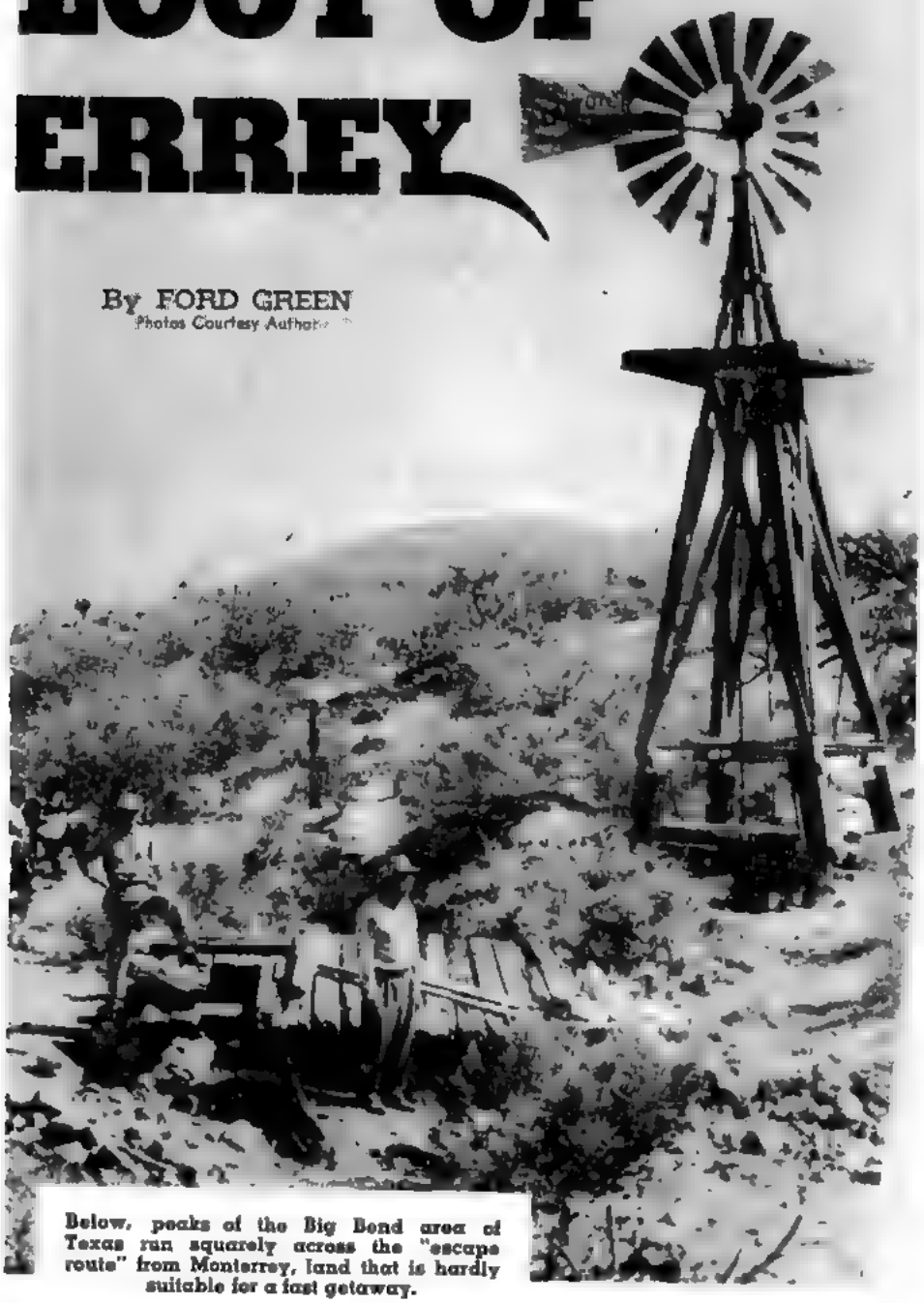
LOOT OF ERREY

By FORD GREEN
Photos Courtesy Author



Below, peaks of the Big Bend area of Texas run squarely across the "escape route" from Monterrey, land that is hardly suitable for a fast getaway.

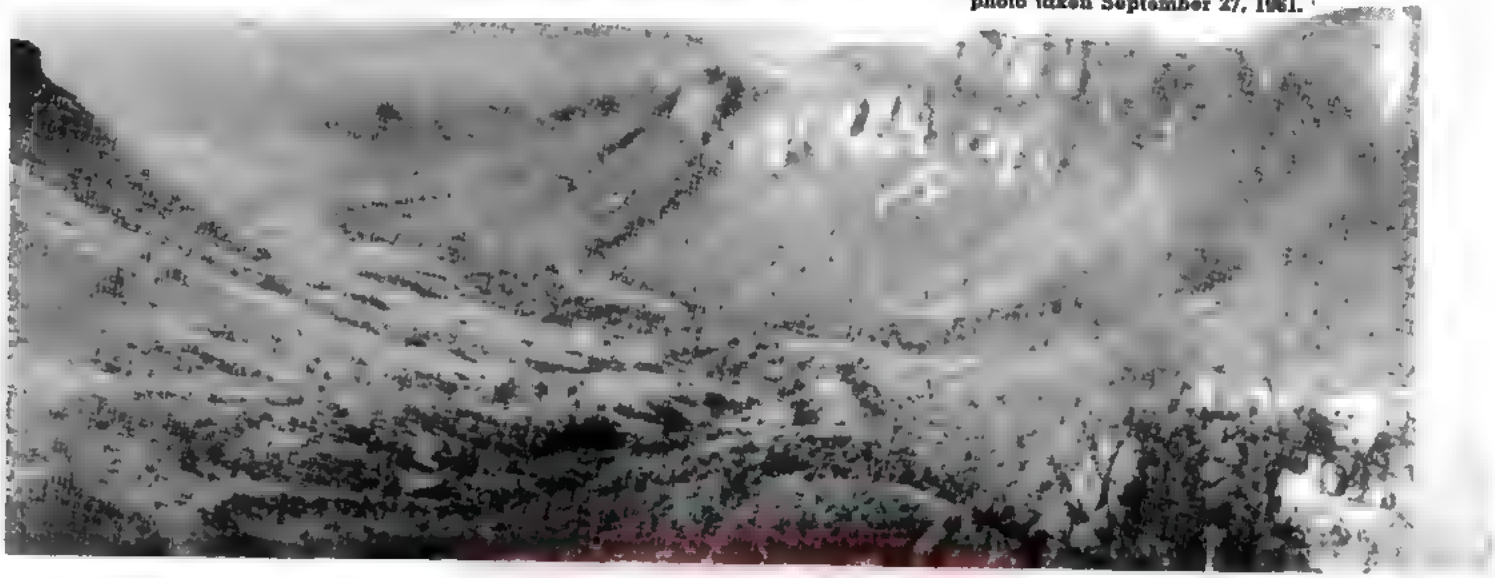
IN these days of serious treasure hunting the biggest commodity that is hunted is *truth*, for until that is found little tangible treasure can be located. The researcher is more important than the metal locator, for he is the one who has to direct the locator to where the hard metal may be. Research involves history, translations, maps, and a large quantity of cold reasoning. Some treasure hunters think nothing of spending up to six figures on a salvage job, but since they are hard-dealing businessmen they have to get the straight facts before equipping for an expedition.

The romantic hunter of treasure is truly one of the Children of Coronado, as Frank Dobie said. He always looks *mas alla* (farther on) and *translomeando* (over the next hill). Such a treasure hunter wants to look for the sake of looking, and whether he digs up anything is a secondary matter.

People from all over the United States write to me and call me about research on different treasures, most of which are legends but which people take for at least as truthful as the Gospel; and they are ready to go right out and dig if I'll just tell them the facts about where to find the place. My "treasure hunting" is in exploring the different versions of these legends and talking to these people. Such conversations are never boring. Sometimes the questions are about bandit treasure—or a lost mine, or a sunken galleon. The tales are as endless as one's imagination, and that's just where they originated at some long-ago time for the most part, though in the last twenty years there have been more treasures salvaged than ever before in the history of the world all put together.

Back in the 1600s when Sir William Phipps located a galleon on Silver Shoals and retrieved approximately a million and a half Pieces of Eight, it stood as the biggest salvage until the Golden Galleons of Florida of the 1960s and the Silver Galleons of Padre Island off Texas. True research *can* locate treasure. One of the most durable legends

At left, this relatively late model windmill stands among the ruins of the sub-post of Fort Davis at Eagle Springs. It was here that the Tombstone gang supposedly ambushed and killed 100 soldiers for the gold they escorted. Man on left in photo is Chas. J. King, at right, B. E. Coon. A Barry Scobee photo taken September 27, 1961.



MINTS OF MEXICO
And their dates of operation

Alamos, Sonora	1864-1895
Real de Catorce, San Luis Potosi	1863-1869
Chihuahua, Chihuahua	1831-1895
Culiacan, Sinaloa	1846-1905
Durago, Durango	1824-1895
Estado de Mexico	1828-1830
Guadalajara, Jalisco	1823-1895
Guanajuato, Guanajuato	1824-1900
Hermosillo, Sonora	1861-1895
Oaxaca, Oaxaca	1858-1893
San Luis Potosi, San Luis Potosi	1827-1893
Zacatecas, Zacatecas	1824-1905

Mexico City has the oldest mint still in operation, uninterrupted since 1536.

Above, a building still standing at Eagle Springs sub-post. Whether it dates back to the 1870s is not known, but it obviously has been around for awhile!

of the Southwest is known by three names: The Davis Mountain Treasure, The Loot of Monterrey, and The Skeleton Canyon Treasure. In the classic, *Coronado's Children*, by J. Frank Dobie the tale is called "Los Muertos No Hablan" (The Dead Do Not Talk). Walter Noble Burns in *Tombstone* calls it "The Skelton Canyon Treasure." It is mentioned in *Helldorado* by Billy Breackenridge, and *Tombstone's Yesterday* by Lorenzo W. Walters. Unquestionably it is the same tale, though several different versions are given about the same legendary people (who really existed), and one robbery mentioned actually is a matter of record; but from there the trails wander.

Here is the tale: Most of the action revolves around one Bill Cole, who seems to have lived in Valentine, Texas on the Southern Pacific Railroad west of the Davis Mountains and about half-way between Ft. Davis and Van Horn. His life's work was made up of the pursuit of this treasure and running a pool hall. He followed the story to the West Coast, to Tombstone, Arizona, and "down into Mexico." We don't have Cole's source list, but do have accounts from Frank Dobie and the Ft. Davis historian, Barry Scobee, that pretty well agree.

According to the tale, the participants were headed by Jim Hughes and "Red Curly," the latter also known as Curly Bill and Sandy King. Some accounts include Milt Hicks and Jack McKenzie, Zwing Hunt and Billy Grounds, as well as Doc Neal. One of the later versions adds Ike and Billy Clanton.

For some reason, the Tombstone bunch decided to make a big raid into Mexico, and picked Monterrey. They allied themselves with the notorious Estrada Gang, who reputedly terrified the Big Bend and Davis Mountain area of Texas for decades. The combined gang decided to acquire equipment and a pack-train of big army mules from the Negro Tenth Cavalry stationed at Ft. Davis. A detail of these soldiers, consisting of "99 Negro soldiers and a white lieutenant" was ambushed at a spot near Lobo Station on the Southern Pacific near Van Horn. (There must have been some sort of battle there, since a friend of Barry Scobee told him a few years ago that there were "hundreds of old army-rifle shells on top of that hill over there.")

The soldiers were cutting hay and had a big herd of mules to carry it back to the fort. The raiders killed all but one soldier to acquire the pack mules which were "selected animals" for strength and endurance. Then, along with a stock of army rations and munitions, they loaded the mules with bat-guano from "caves in the Big Bend" which they took to Monterrey and sold for "a hundred dollars a ton."

From the proceeds the gang bought enough tequila and mescal to get various Monterrey sentries so drunk they allowed what must be called a coup unequaled by any other group of robbers. After the soldiers and police were, one by one, knocked off by enticing them from their posts with bottled refreshment, the "Mint," the "Smelter," the "Cathedral," and the "Bank" were looted.

Three million dollars in contraband was supposed to have been loaded on the mules (twenty-five of them) for a running fight that lasted to the Big Bend across some of the wildest part of mountainous northern Mexico—hundreds of miles. They were under fire of the *Rurales* of Porfirio Diaz and never took the loads off the mules the whole way to El Muerto Springs in the general area of Valentine, Texas or the Davis Mountains, where they buried all this loot.

Bill Cole dug up many details of the secreting of the treasure in a hole over ninety feet deep, and of the killing of the miners who had been captured for the purpose of digging this hole. This gave the title to the tale by Frank Dobie, "Los Muertos No Hablan."

Walter Noble Burns in his Skeleton Canyon tale adds another treasure that came from an additional raid (during the escape from Monterrey) on Matamoros over two hundred miles farther east. Solid gold statues of The Virgin were said to have been gotten from both towns, along with diamonds from other statues to make part of a "cigar box full of diamonds." All accounts agree that there were twenty-five laden mules that were herded under fire in a running fight—from Monterrey, at least.

From West Texas the gang was said to have returned to Tombstone and there committed other various depredations, mainly against Mexican smugglers who traveled in the San Simon Valley of Arizona and the Animas Valley of New Mexico. Several books have been written about the deeds of these men, and a great many short accounts are recorded in newspaper files of the Tombstone *Epitaph*, and the Tombstone *Nugget*, the two opposing newspapers of the Earp and Clanton feud.

The outlaws are fairly well credited with at least one ambush of a smuggler pack-train in the Peloncillo Mountains to the east of the San Simon Valley between Apache, Arizona and Rodeo, New Mexico, which left enough bones to tab a canyon with the name of "Skeleton." In some versions the treasure from this fight was "thirty-nine gold bars and ninety thousand 'dobe dollars," which were added to the loot of Monterrey either in Skeleton Canyon or freighted on a stolen wagon all the way to the Davis Mountains area of West Texas.

Skeleton Canyon is said to be littered still with the bones of the Mexicans and their animals killed in this ambush, and the 'dobe dollars are found from time to time where they were lost when the mules were overtaken and killed for their loads. There is no doubt that these gunfighters did commit various robberies, but the specifics of amounts and places are sort of thin.

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Rubble from the main building of the stage-stop at Eagle Springs. Barry Scobee Photo

THERE we have our tale. Now let us start our research to find the treasure—either in the Davis Mountains of Texas, or the Arizona and New Mexico border areas.

There was probably a fight near Lobo, Texas which involved the Negro soldiers but there is no record of whether Indians, bandits or rustlers were after the army stock. Bill Cole and historian Barry Scobee and others verify that plenty of empty ammunition lies up on top of a hill near Lobo, and that the soldiers from Ft. Davis did cut hay there, but were ninety-eight soldiers and a lieutenant killed there? War department records list only two soldiers who were killed in this area at all, and are silent about what the action was.

Bat-guano sold in Monterrey? Probably not, for there are plenty of caves around Monterrey, and a hundred dollars a ton was sure a lot of money in those days; a silver Mexican peso could buy a lot of hauling. This sale seems a far-fetched idea.

Buffaloing the whole garrison and police of a town of over 75,000? This would take a lot of doing. They would not be all in one place and, in Mexico, residences and public buildings are like forts and castles in strength. Though the soldiers and police might be taken care of, there would remain the problems of high walls and the eight-inch thick doors that were iron-bound. They still have this kind down there, and people are very reluctant to let anybody in without the right word, much less let themselves be strong-armed. Citizens then had little faith in the authorities and did their own "protecting." Remember that Mexico at that time had been in turmoil for about sixty years, and the "Peace of Don Porfirio" was not the accomplished fact it was in another five years. Taking care of a few soldiers and police would have had little effect on the success of such an exploit as that credited to the raiders.

Looting a solid gold statue of The Virgin from the cathedral of Monterrey and possibly Matamoros too? There was never a metal statue of The Virgin in any place in Mexico, and that much metal was never in even the holiest of all shrines of the Americas, The Basilica of Guadalupe in Mexico City. There are plenty of statues which gleam like solid metal, but they are what is called *estofado*, a gold-leaf decoration over a gesso coating on a carved wooden statue. These were in vogue at the height of the Baroque period of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries but were long gone by the time of the cathedral of Matamoros, though there well might have been *estofado* statues in Monterrey. Though as beautiful as any molten gold, they had practically no metallic value, with the gilding hardly even a single thousandth of an inch in thickness. Here we have pure myth and nothing else.

They looted the mint at Monterrey? Of all the mints that ever operated in the Republic of Mexico—and there are many—Monterrey was not one of them. There never was a mint of any kind and not one coin was ever minted in Monterrey, unless one counts the practically worthless copper tokens for fractional use called *jolas*. These were made, by permission, by private bankers even in small places like San Antonio during the Mexican rule. If the Tombstone boys had ambitions to knock off a mint, then there were the mints at Alamos and Hermosillo in Sonora, and even the mint at Chihuahua City—all less than 400 miles from Tombstone and over a lot easier country to travel than the long 800 miles to the Davis Mountains and Monterrey. Here again we have to cross off another "fact." It sounds good, but they couldn't loot what didn't exist.

THEY robbed the smelter at Monterrey? That is a good question. There was never any real heavy production of silver in the Monterrey area, and *no gold*. Smelting as we know it today was rare. The nearest big mine at that time was Real de Catorce, over 200 miles to the southwest, where in the 1860s they did some little minting but whose coins are the rarest of all Mexican mintmarks. In this area south of Saltillo there were mines and smelters, but none in Monterrey until the railroad came much later than the alleged time of this tale. In Mexico—just as in the vicinity of Tombstone itself—the casting of ingots of about 200 pounds discouraged robbers from stealing. Here again we must call the story myth.

Was the escape route practical? Of all remote and inhospitable parts of Mexico, the route indicated was one of the most unlikely to have been picked, and if picked would probably have been the most impossible to travel. Even to this day there is not a decent road with adequate water or forage—yet these men are said to have herded a pack-train of twenty-five mules and their own mounts over about 300 miles of high mountains and desert, following mere trails and with no reliable source of water.

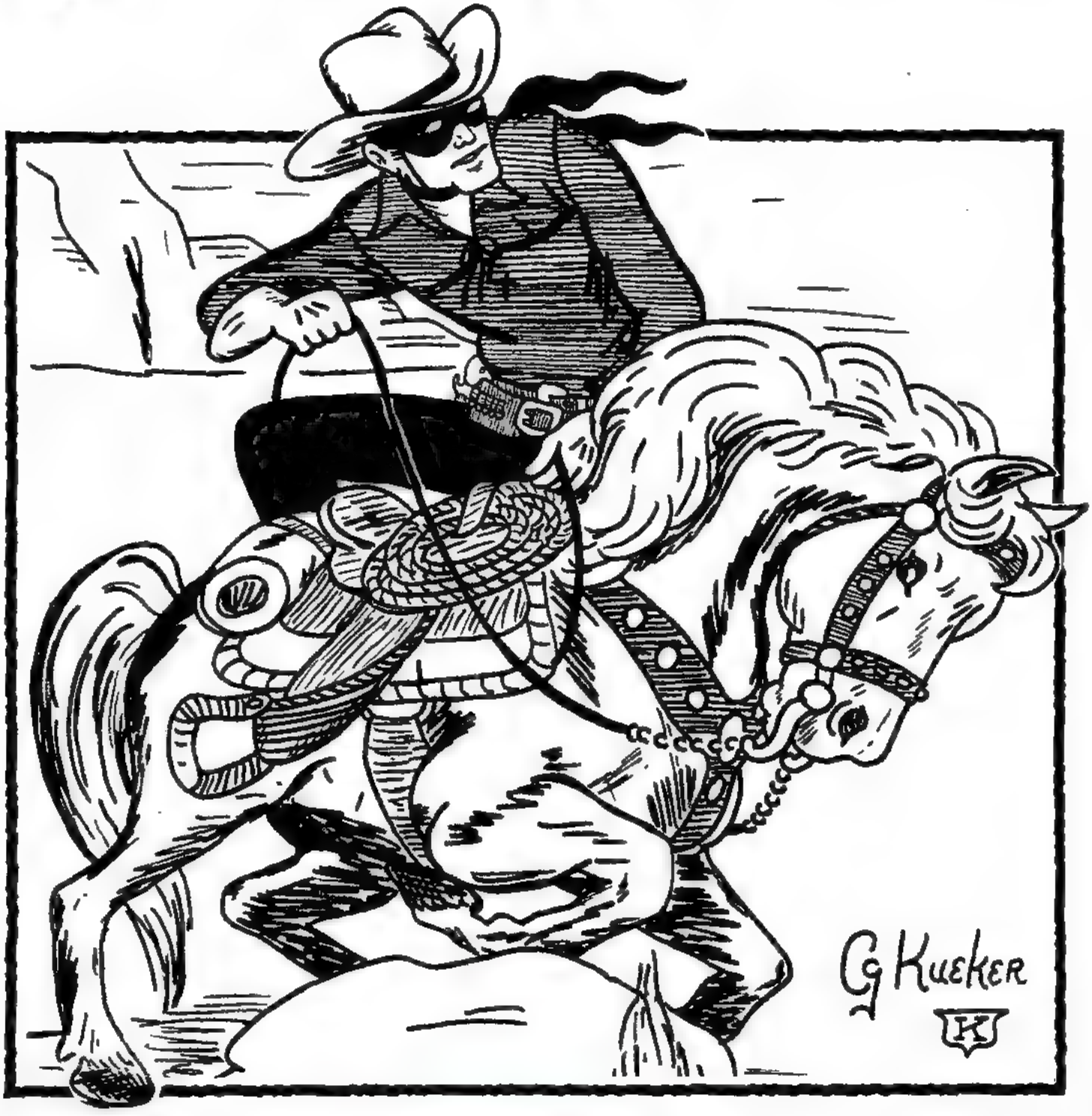
This was supposed to have been a running fight during which they didn't even take the saddle off the mules and horses. No animal could have gone over such a trail—even *not* in a fight and even with plenty of forage available—because there was no water for sometimes a hundred miles. (I made the first ground photo reconnaissance for the Parks Commission to buy the Big Bend National Park, and I know just how scarce water is there; there is even less on the Mexican side of the river. As late as twenty years ago mail for Boquillas in Coahuila had to come via Eagle Pass, Del Rio, and Marathon, Texas and be brought down to the river at the Ranger station on the American side to get to the Mexican customs house. Our treasure tale took place seventy years before that.)

In treasure hunting, the first and foremost thing is maps. One good look at a geologic map of that part of Mexico would rule out the escape route. It is as

(Continued on page 61)

The LONE RANGER

Radio's fictional character introduced several generations to the Old West. This article will serve as a similar introduction to what went on behind the microphone!



By CLINTON G. KUEKER
Illustrations by Author

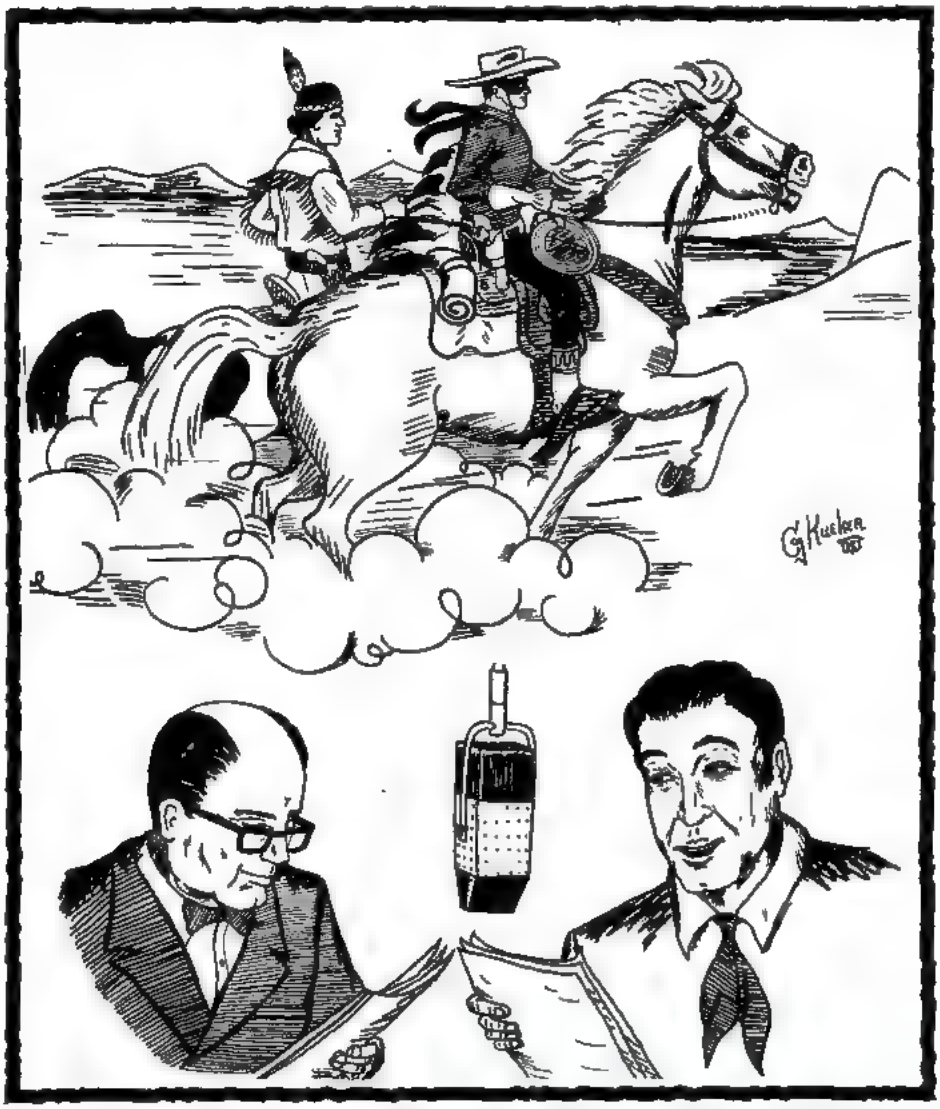
JANUARY 30, 1933 was the birthday of one of the most famous fictional heroes created in the twentieth century. Whole generations of boys would grow up inspired by the character's ideals. A hearty "Hi-Yo, Silver!" heralded the beginning of exciting Western adventures throughout radio land every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for more than twenty years.

One of the very first introductions of the new program went: "When the Western United States was first opened to settlers, the promise of easy wealth brought both honest men and criminals to the new territory. Both found that wealth could only be purchased by hard work, and the criminals returned to their old habits. The masked rider of the plains fought them tirelessly, however. Astride his great horse Silver he rode through the length and breadth of seven states in the cause of justice, and in time he brought law and order to the lawless frontier. Return with us to those thrilling days when the West was young and

Above, left, Brace Beemer was the third radio Lone Ranger in 1933. He left the role for awhile, but returned to it upon his successor's death in 1941. He retained radio title until 1954. At right, Clayton Moore became the television Lone Ranger in 1949 and still retains the title.

adventure lay at the end of every trail . . .The Lone Ranger rides again!"

Thus began the program that would be aired to millions of American boys—and their fathers. Later, many of them would be overseas fighting in a world war, but they would not forget the hero of their childhood. From the mud of Italy to the sands of the Pacific, "Hi-Yo Silver!" served as a rallying call, password, or identification.



Almost everyone is familiar with the Lone Ranger in some way, but how many know the real story behind the program? Was Tonto a real Indian? How many different people played these characters? Who really gave "birth" to the Masked Rider of the Plains?

In the mid-1920s a former member of the legal staff of John H. King became his partner in the movie theatre business. King had built the second theatre in the United States in 1905, and by 1929 he owned twenty. George W. Trendle, the new partner, and King decided to sell the theatres and try a new venture, radio broadcasting. They purchased the Detroit radio station WXYZ in 1929, and Trendle took active control. By 1932 Trendle felt the time had come to feature local programming and he dropped the station's affiliation with the Columbia Broadcasting System. Trendle hoped to create an entirely new image for the station.

His first project was a drama program. Before the day of continuous recorded music, the most inexpensive programs to produce were dramas. Big name stars, orchestras, singers or comedians were not required. Trendle's idea was to slant the dramatic series toward the youngsters in his radio audience, knowing many adults would tune in on the program, and its sponsors would have an even greater exposure.

Some time earlier the station had had a Western program entitled "Warner Lester, Manhunter" which was discontinued when it failed to catch the public's fancy. Trendle still liked the Western adventure idea, however, even though there were many such programs on the air at that time. He wanted his character to be more than a mediocre "cowboy" hero; he wanted an adult figure, distinctive and mysterious. He wanted a man children would respect and believe in, someone they would want to grow up to be like. Trendle decided the setting would be Old West, the character a "lone" operator.

AROUND Christmas 1932, Trendle and his radio staff held a meeting to discuss the new production. The staff included the studio manager, Brace Beemer, who one day would be the star of the show. Trendle explained his idea, comparing his hero to the screen's Zorro portrayed by Douglas Fairbanks. A suggestion was made to mask the man and liken him to Robin Hood, and Trendle liked the idea. He mentioned he wanted a rather daring type; that a Texas Ranger would fit the role well. An inspired staff member gave voice to the words that in a short time would be known to young and old alike—"The Lone Ranger!" Trendle's Lone Ranger would have still more distinctive characteristics. His horse would be a white stallion.

When the time came to select a writer, Trendle called on Francis H. Striker, a radio-scripter from Buffalo, New York who had written the "Warner Lester"

(Continued on page 52)

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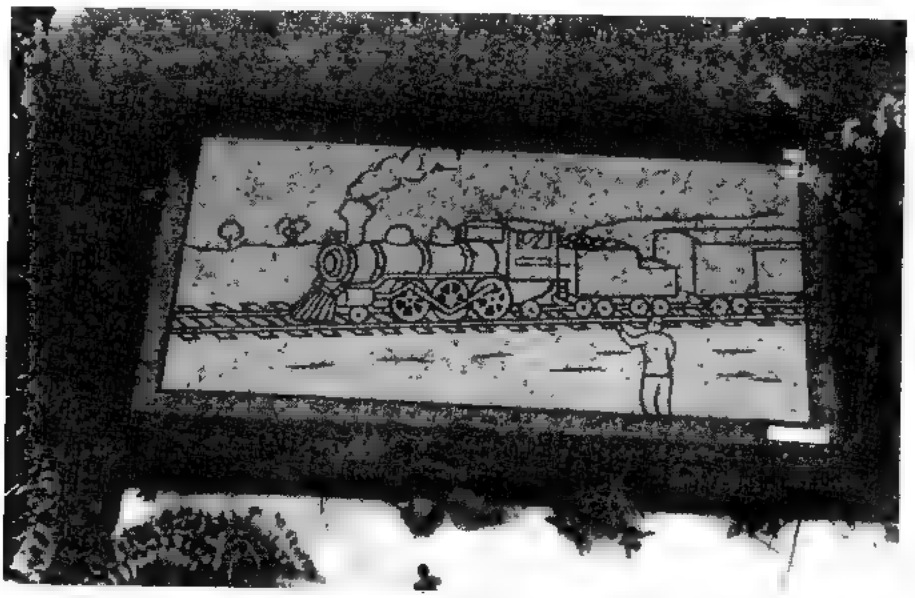
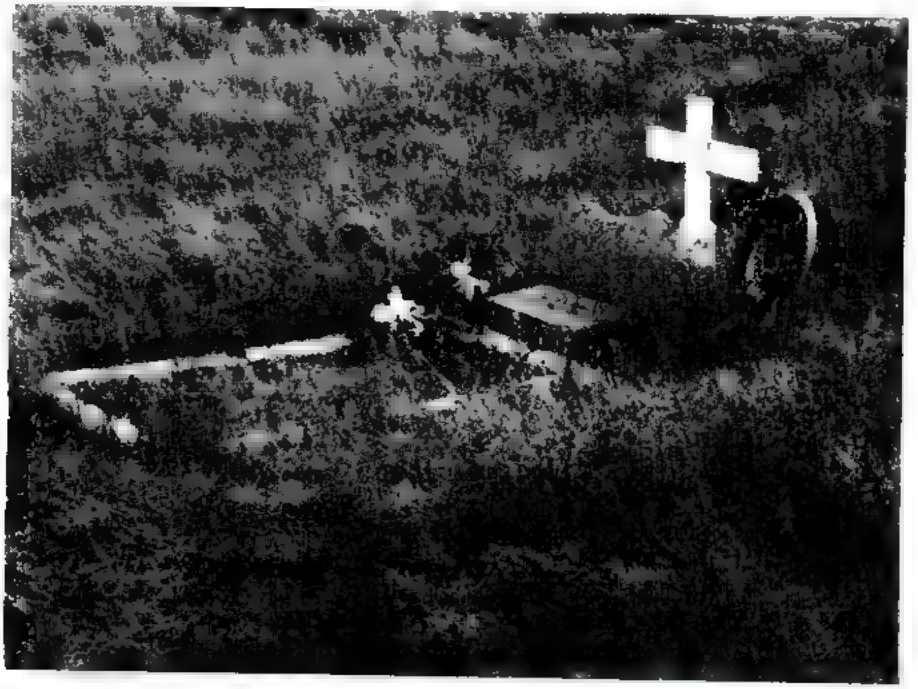
A Prairie Town's NAMELESS GRAVE

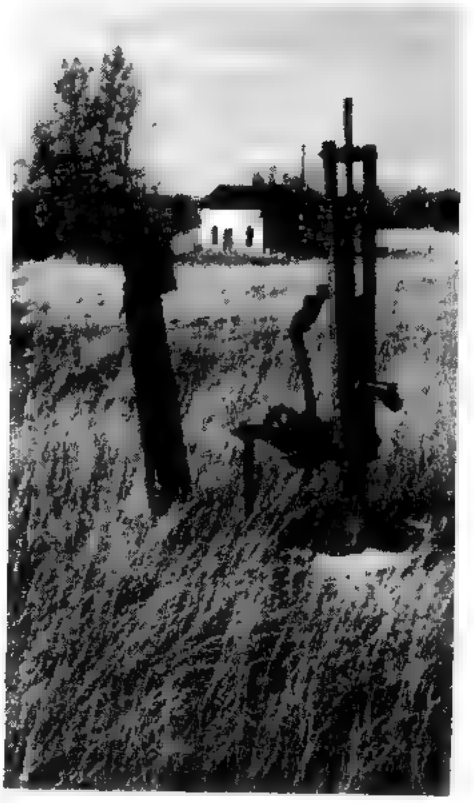
By TOM BARKDULL
Photos Courtesy Author

It holds a little boy—who died of a broken heart



Above, the granite marker placed on the grave recently. Below, the gravesite.





Above, rusting remains in Elrod, South Dakota.

EVERY crumbling ghost town with its miserable jumble of silent, weed-choked streets seems weighted with the shadows of its long-dead. Signs of their last acts are everywhere. Old harness—rigid reins and traces—appliqued to the pegboard wall of an ancient livery stable; a rusty washboard, still clinging to its bleached pine deathbed near a handleless pump; cast-iron toys on the leeward side of tiny dustdrifts—each of these is a footprint left by one who passed that way when the land was young and being tamed. But the shadows are mute. Diaries are scarce, and records either have disappeared or were never kept at all.

There are, of course, exceptions—usually a deserted hamlet where, long ago, occurred an incident so singular that its story has trickled down through generations, even until today. Such a lonesome, desolate town is Elrod, South Dakota, with its sad but heartwarming story of a little boy, his idol, and his grave.

Where or when I began hearing bits and pieces of the story about Big Bill, the Little Fellow, and the unscribed grave, I cannot say. I do recall, however, that the legend fascinated me and I set out to uncover as many of the facts as were obtainable.

They were sparse. Sadly deficient notes and logbooks had to found, sorted, and confirmed; the old townsite and gravesite had to be located, then pictures taken. Research became a crusade, continuing until I knew the story of Elrod and

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I Packed Al Morrow Out of the SUPERST

By AMOS HAWKINS
as told to
JEAN LONG
Photos Courtesy Author

Al Morrow at his camp in Needle Canyon in late 1955.
Courtesy the Arizona Republic, Phoenix

TRAGEDY and the legend of the famous Lost Dutchman Mine, believed to be located in the Superstition Mountains east of Phoenix in south-central Arizona, have walked side by side during the past hundred years. In September 1970 the sinister pair converged in Needle Canyon at the camp of Al Morrow, a grizzled, fifty-seven-year-old prospector whom you may have met in other stories written about the Superstition Mountains.

When I first met Al Morrow, over twenty-one years ago, I was working as a cowboy on the Barkley Ranch on the southern edge of the Superstitions. I got him a burro and helped pack his supplies and camping equipment into the mountains. I knew then, without asking, that he was there to search for gold. I did not inquire into his past life and he did not mention it.

Together we set up his camp in Needle Canyon in a clump of nice oak trees. He got settled, then started a mine tunnel into the side of Bluff Springs Mountain about 100 feet from his camp. Both the campsite and tunnel area were chosen by Al for reasons he did not reveal to me.

Al was the kind of man I enjoyed the company of; he was friendly, gentle natured and kind. Even in this wilderness area he never carried a weapon except when he needed to hunt for food.

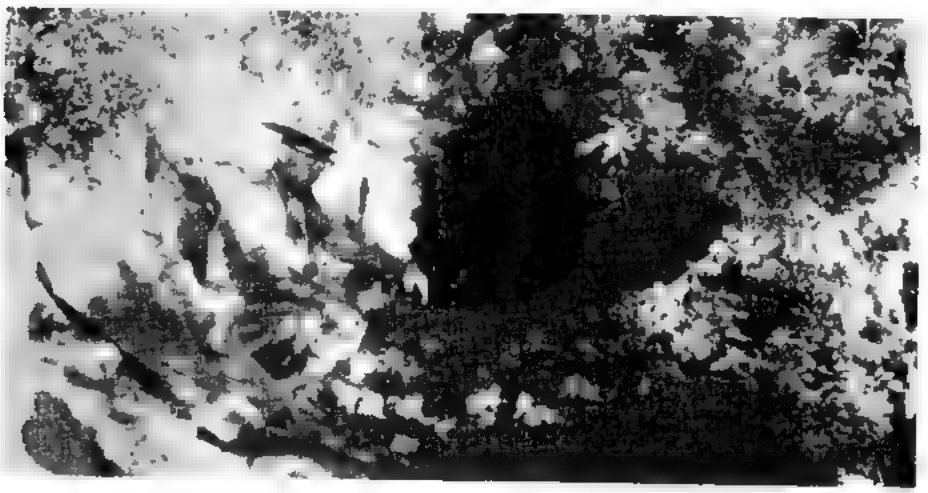
We were seated on a rock under an oak tree near his camp one day, discussing buried treasure. He said, "Amos, I'm sure the Lost Dutchman Mine is somewhere inside of this mountain. I believe the original mine was buried; perhaps by earthquakes or maybe, as some say, by the Apaches. Someday I'll strike the vein and have a bonanza if I dig deep enough."

Like most gold hunters, he had found what he called proof of his statement. There were blocks near his camp with dates cut into the stone. One was dated 1761, about the time the Jesuit priests were reportedly in the Superstitions, and another was dated 1847 which corresponds with the time the Peraltas of Mexico were mining in these mountains. He led me a short way beyond his camp to a rock with the initials "J.W." carved into it. He said he was sure they were chipped into the rock by Jacob Waltz, the man the Lost Dutchman Mine was named for. (According to the legend, Jacob Waltz appeared in Phoenix around 1870 with the gold nuggets which were believed to have come from a mine in the Superstitions. This mine has been sought by many men. Men have lost their lives in an attempt to find it. Over the years several have actually claimed to have found it, but their findings have not matched the legendary bonanza Waltz reportedly stated his mine contained.)

DIGGING for the gold he believed was there became a way of life for Al. He was happy and content even though all

Photos Courtesy Amos Hawkins

Above, Amos Hawkins in the Superstition Mountains southwest of Al Morrow's camp. The mule is packed with camping equipment and supplies. Below, Morrow's mine tunnel in Bluff Springs Mountain. Men on the scene are: Paul Krider (seated), Bill McDaniels (reclining), and Tom Phillips (inside the shaft).



Below, the huge boulder that caved in on Al Morrow's supply tunnel. Crushed boxes of supplies are visible.

ITIONS —the Lost Dutchman won again

his mine yielded was sandstone. He always knew there was gold in the mountain just ahead of the next stroke of his pick.

Al was never idle. When he was not working in the mine, he spent some of the time writing his own translation of the Bible. He read books and magazines and also studied a Bible correspondence course.

A couple of years after Al was well established in the mountains, I went to work for the Pinal County sheriff's department as a range deputy in charge of farm and ranch problems and search and rescue operations. My duties sent me into the Superstitions from time to time and I saw Al quite often.

Sometimes when I planned to visit him I took along a side of beef or a sack of flour or coffee, as did some of his other friends. The local residents who lived near the mountains liked Al. He was friendly to everyone who stopped by, and his visitors became quite frequent, especially after the trails in the mountains were improved by the Forest Service. Al always had a cordial greeting for every stranger who walked into his camp. He loved company. He usually invited his visitor to sit down, rest and enjoy a cup of coffee. If it happened to be mealtime Al offered to share his rabbit stew or beef jerky, even though supplies were difficult for him to obtain in this remote place. Most of the people who visited Al found him to be an entertaining host who was able to discuss many topics of conversation well, although mining was his favorite subject.

Al kept a guest book. He invited all of his visitors to sign it and add any information they wished to volunteer about themselves, such as where they were from or whether they were camping, hiking or prospecting in the mountains. There were names from nearly every state in the Union, including Hawaii, as well as from other countries such as England and Korea. Many times when I have been searching for lost persons in the maze of canyons and mountains that make up the Superstitions, I have found it necessary to stop at Al's camp. After checking his guest book, Al could tell me when the persons were there and which way they went when they left.

When other miners and prospectors in the Superstitions were feuding over their various claims, Al never got involved. He told me he had to walk carefully during those times. An incorrect identification by one of the irate prospectors could have cost him his life. They usually carried rifles and did not hesitate to use them to protect what they insisted were their rightful claims. The Ed Piper and Celeste Marie Jones dispute (1959-1963) over the area surrounding Weaver's Needle was an excellent example.

Al came very close to getting in trouble with a party of prospectors on Bluff Springs Mountain in 1966. He was blasting with dynamite near his camp, quite unaware that anyone was in the vicinity. The explosion sent several rocks flying through the air, which badly frightened the nearby prospectors. When they learned that Al had not known of their

Above. Al Morrow's body after removal of rocks and dirt, but still under the boulder which crushed him. When finally uncovered, Morrow's cap was still on his head, and he grasped a flashlight in his right hand, indicating that he was probably standing when the massive rock crashed down. Below, posseman captain Lee Frazier points at the canvas-wrapped body of Al Morrow. Part of Morrow's camp can be seen. His tent is at upper right, in the trees. Members of the rescue party are grabbing a bite to eat before starting back to First Water. Next to the tent (far right) is Tom Phillips; next to him, Bud Lane, a local rancher and friend of Al Morrow; the man at far left is an unknown friend of Morrow who rode in and volunteered to help dig.

presence they realized he had no intention of harming them.

THE only incident of which I am aware where Al had trouble with other prospectors happened in 1969. Al sent me a letter telling me to come to his camp because someone was trying to kill him and take over his mine. I went as soon as I could. When I arrived at his camp I learned that someone on Black Top Mountain had been shooting at Al each time he emerged from his camp.

It did not make sense to me. Al never bothered anyone and had not found any gold or silver in his mine as yet. Just the same, I told him I would do what I could to prevent further shooting.

I circled stealthily up the mountainside until I came upon two men, one with binoculars and the other with a high-powered rifle beside him, at the summit. Black Top Mountain is covered with volcanic boulders and the men were lying down on one of these rocks, looking in the direction of Al's camp.

I was behind them and knew they had not seen or heard me yet. I could not arrest them because I had no proof that they had shot at Al intentionally, but perhaps I could persuade them to leave. I placed my hand just adjacent to my hip, suggestively near my gun, and spoke. "What do you boys think you are doing here?"

Both men jumped to their feet and stared mutely at me. They were young men but they had a cautious look about them as they appraised me. I saw their eyes linger on my deputy sheriff's badge which shone in the sunlight.

I quickly informed them in definite terms that they had better leave the mountains at once. Before they went, one of them asked, "Is that prospector down there digging out any gold?"

I replied that as far as I knew none of the prospectors in the Superstitions had found gold. I again insisted that they leave at once. (I felt justified in telling them there was no gold. The average assay reports in recent years have shown ore worth only about twenty-five cents a ton. There may be gold somewhere in the Superstitions, but if it has been found the discoverer has succeeded in keeping it secret.)

The men walked past me and gathered up their few belongings. I watched them until they passed out of sight. If they ever returned to the Superstition Mountains, I did not hear about it. This incident made me realize that the lust for gold is still strong and human nature has not changed since the days of the early settlers.

When I returned to Al's camp I asked if he knew why those would-be claim jumpers thought he had found gold. The only explanation he could think of was that in was common knowledge in that part of Arizona that he was digging for the Lost Dutchman Mine. He knew people had seen him taking rock samples to the assayer's office and perhaps a rumor had started that he had found gold.

Nearly a year passed peacefully. On September 9, 1970 my telephone rang very early in the morning. I answered it and the radio room dispatcher's voice told me briskly, "It's time to saddle up and go. There's been a cave-in at Al Morrow's mine in the Superstitions. We'll give you details when you get here."

A feeling of apprehension, like a chill, went through me when I heard the name. I got dressed and left home as quickly as possible.

AT THE sheriff's office I learned that a prospector friend of Al's had gone to visit him the day before at his camp. The friend found a note there which read, "I am across in the mine. If you need me, holler, and I'll come out." The prospector attempted to enter the mine, but the tunnel was blocked by a cave-in. He had hurried to call for help because he knew Al must be trapped inside.

The rescue party consisted of two other Pinal County sheriff's deputies; five possemen; the state mine inspector, Tom Phillips; and myself as head of the rescue operation.

We left from First Water, which is off Route 88, the Apache Trail. It was a four-hour ride on horseback from this point to Al's camp. We had pack mules and horses to carry our equipment and supplies. The trail ahead was rough, hot and dusty. The rocky terrain was studded with mesquite and buck brush.

The trail follows the dry bed of First Water Creek a little way. We had just gotten started when posseman Bill Mc-

(Continued on page 42)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A PIONEER LAWMAN

A. J. (Jack) Elliott, pioneer lawman and cattleman.

By JACK SMILLIE
Photos Courtesy Author

There were certain rules about jurisdiction that had to be bent a little. Common sense justified it and justice demanded it . . .

WHAT a man A. J. Elliott was. I am sure that I knew him better than most people. I worked for him for several years punching cows. Our summer camp was thirty miles southeast of Cheyenne, Wyoming and about the same distance northeast of Greeley, Colorado—way out on the prairie.

Jack's own sons were away with Wild West shows—Buffalo Bill's, the 101 and others. The boys were about my age and I guess he used me to fill their places. At least he seemed to like me, and spent many nights at the summer camp.

He would usually arrive about suppertime and, as soon as he had eaten, would start writing letters. They were business letters and sometimes he would write all night. Once in a while, though, especially if I had a drink for him, his tongue would loosen and he would tell me about some of his early experiences.

One evening he got started. "Kid," he said, "right here in this house, someone poisoned Bill Prunty. The coroner said that Bill accidentally poisoned himself. The big sheepmen claimed that the cowmen did it—because Bill did run a few sheep—but I have always believed that the sheep men did it just to put the blame on us cowmen. We didn't do it. We liked

(Continued on page 66)

The cabin where Jack Elliott said Bill Prunty had died from eating poisoned biscuits. The author stayed here several summers, punching cows for Jack Elliott.

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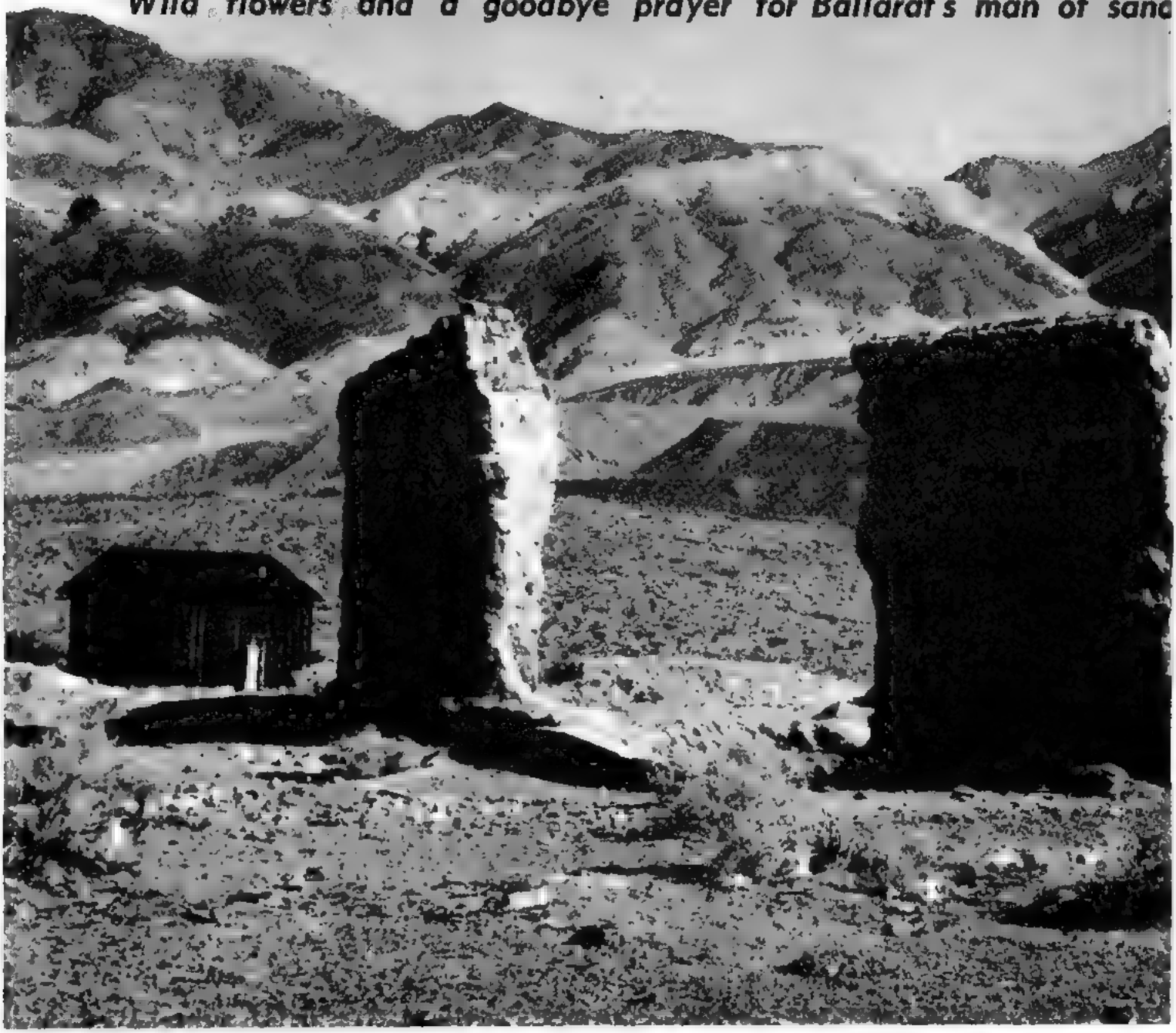
LAST OF THE BURROMEN -

Wild flowers and a goodbye prayer for Ballarat's man of sand



The adobe walls of Ballarat are slowly vanishing back into the earth from which they were dug.

WILD BURROS, lost gold mines, mirages, Gila monsters, and the mysterious colorful desert sometimes lashed by a whopping wind were all part of the private world of Seldon Seen Slim. Slim was the last of the legendary one-blanket Death Valley jackass prospectors.

In the old days they were known as burromen. At one time Slim had three burros—Nan, Mamie, and Sally—but in his sunset years he drove a jeep and made it known that he wasn't just an ordinary prospector. Slim's sky-blue eyes would twinkle when he informed the curious visitor, "I'm a scientific prospector."

Slim preferred to be alone in a desert so hot at times, as Slim would say, "that the rocks seem to curl." He told me that he was born in Springfield, Illinois on November 21, 1881. The courthouse in Springfield has no record of his birth. If you just happened to drop by his camp with a present, regardless of the date Slim would grin and say, "How did you know it was my birthday?"

He claimed that his father was a shoemaker. When Slim was eight he leaped through a school window, never to return. Then when he was twelve his father handed him a suit of underwear, some socks, and a couple of coins and said, "Son, I got too many mouths to feed. Now beat it!"

Having secured very little education, he worked at odd jobs from one town to the next but always kept moving westward. Finally he arrived at booming Tonopah, Nevada. Young Slim was

SELDOM SEEN SLIM

By TOM G. MURRAY
Photos Courtesy Author

At right, Seldom Seen Slim during a Ballarat Day celebration in 1965.

thrilled with the talk of silver, gold, and more gold. When news arrived of the big gold strike at Grandpa (which was renamed Goldfield), Slim followed the long line of men and wagons to the new diggings. From Goldfield he followed the rush to Rhyolite in the Bullfrog Hills. Many years later when Will Rogers visited Rhyolite after it had become a ghost town, he looked the town over and remarked, "The Bullfrog has made its last jump."

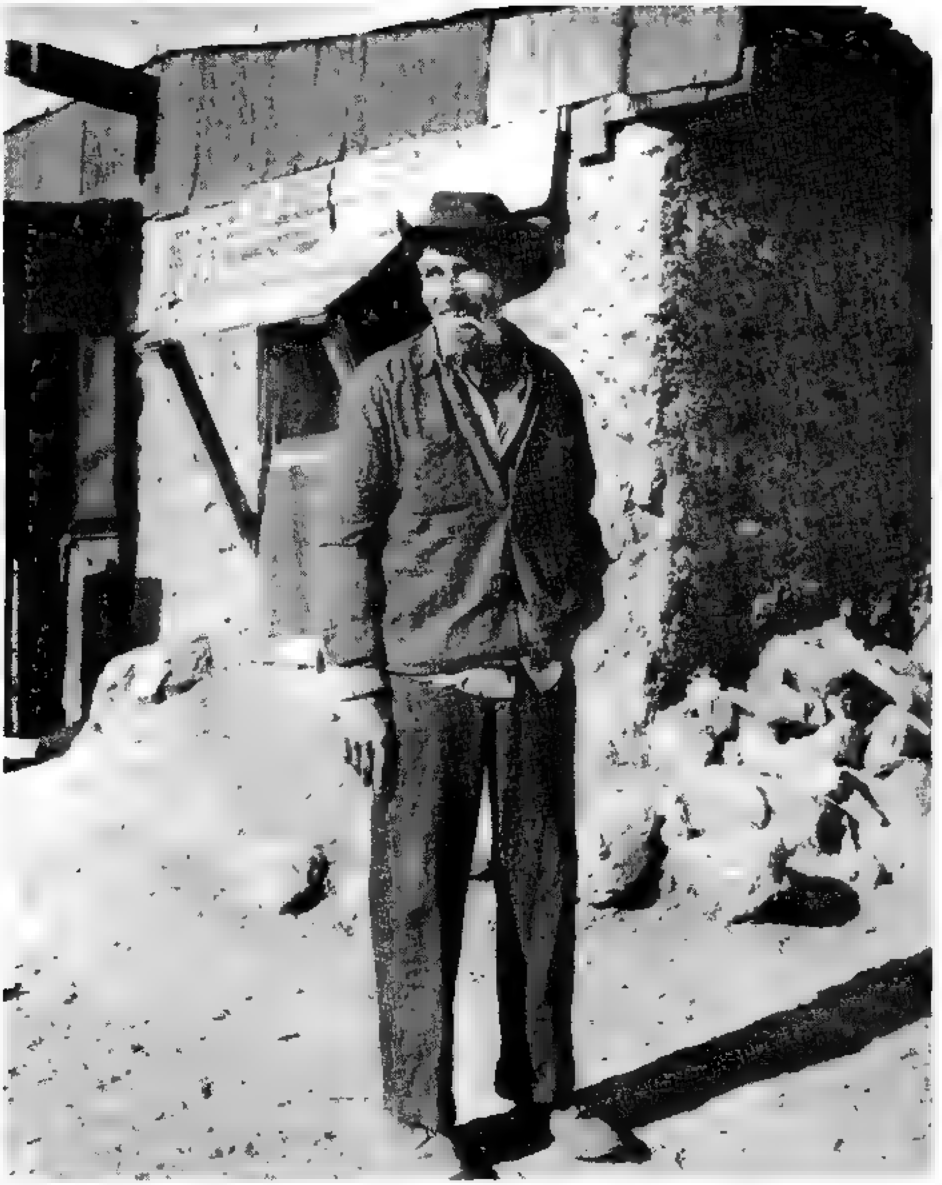
Always restless, Slim left Rhyolite with his burros and followed the golden trail through most of the canyons and mountains in and around Death Valley.

In January 1962 Seldom Seen Slim did a rare tape recording for me. This is part of that tape—his poem of Shorty Harris, another very famous Death Valley prospector:

SHORTY HARRIS

I happened to be in town one night,
When I heard about Shorty Harris
And his rich gold strike!

In my old car, with the gas tank filled,
I started out for the Panamint Hills



For years Slim lived in one or more of the old adobe shacks in Ballarat. A great one for signs, on one of his shacks he posted this one: SLIM'S PLACE—AND HE IS NOT FAR AWAY . . . SO BEWARE! . . . SELDOM SEEN SLIM. Below, Bob Dunlap, Slim's neighbor at Ballarat.

When I got off the highway, I was hard to beat
For I stepped on the gas with both my feet!
I went over the hills, and
I landed in Harrisburg, with four one-dollar bills
I put up my tent and slept on the ground,
Just below where that high-grade was found!

Then, I hear 'round . . . they were telling
A prospector is a DAMN LIAR with a hole in the ground
And Seldom Seen Slim . . . is one of them!

NO ONE knows for sure when Slim first settled in his last camp, the tiny ghost town of Ballarat. He claimed he arrived there in 1913. George Pipkin, desert author and historian, claims that Slim didn't arrive in Ballarat until 1917 when the town died with the closing of the post office and its last saloon.

Ballarat itself wasn't a mining town but a supply center which offered entertainment for the rough miners who worked in Panamint City, high in the Panamint Mountains above Ballarat. Throughout the Panamint Valley the canyons once echoed with the sounds of gold, silver, and lead mining. The cry, "Give me men to match my mountains," might well have been conceived with the majestic grandeur of the Sierra Nevada in mind. Even God, though, might have considered it impossible for men to match the rugged Panamints. Bounding Death Valley on the west, it is a mountain range poured from the slag-heap of the Creator's foundry. In the early days it is said that a miner sent a message to a

Below, Slim with old Brownie, another man of the desert. It is said that Brownie at one time was a sheriff and covered the Death Valley region. He also worked on the Tonopah Tidewater Railroad, known as the Death Valley route.

possible investor which read, "Invest in this mountain—you will pan-a-mint!"

Many amusing tales have been spun around Seldom Seen Slim. Harry Oliver spun this one in his famous *Desert Rat Scrapbook*. "They tell a story about a funeral at Johannesburg. Seldom Seen Slim, while attending, picked up some dirt that was thrown from the new grave and, just from force of habit, examined it. He suddenly arose from his knees and commenced staking off a claim. The minister observed this and concluded his prayer, "Stake me off a claim, Slim; this we ask for Christ's sake, Amen!"

Slim appointed himself mayor, postmaster, dog-catcher, and tax collector of Ballarat. He once stood in the middle of dusty Main Street, waving his long skinny arms and declaring, "I'm the traffic cop, too! Speed limit through Ballarat is 100 m.p.h. in low gear!"

During one of the early Death Valley 49ers Encampment (held each November, usually starting on Veteran's Day) Slim and ten other burromen were entered in the annual Flap-Jack Burro Race originated by Harry Oliver and staged at Stove Pipe Wells. One of the cardinal rules of the race is that the prospector must prepare the batter and fry it, and the burro must eat the flapjack. Slim was far ahead of the field. However, the burros being half-wild, anything could happen—and did! Slim's burro must have been on a diet for it refused to eat the flap-jack.

Slim worked hard at trying to change its mind but in doing so seared the burro's tender nose with the hot frying pan. Quick as greased lightning the outraged burro belted Slim. There was a long pause until Slim recovered his wind, then from the public address speakers flowed the most "beautiful language" that had been heard in Death Valley since the days of the 20-mule-team skinners. (Slim wasn't invited to enter the race the following year.)

Below, Slim's friends were pleased when a peak in his beloved Panamints was named after him.

'Slim's Peak' Named In Panamints for 'Seldom Seen Slim'

The Board on Geographic Names, U.S. Dept. of the Interior, has approved the name "Slim's Peak," in honor of "Seldom - Seen Slim" Ferge, a resident of Ballarat for 50 years before his death in 1968.

The decision was announced in February.

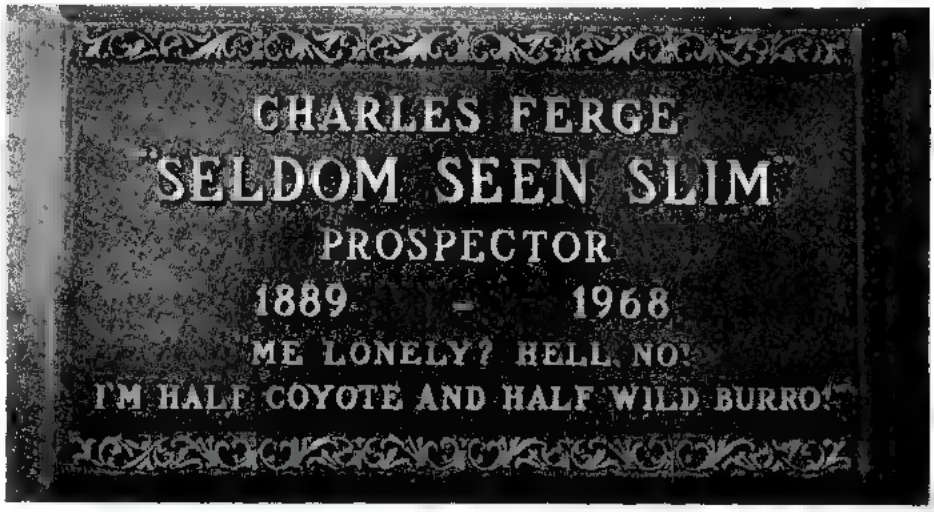
The 7,112 - foot mountain is located in the Panamint Range, 4.8 miles west - southwest of Porter Peak and 23 miles northeast of Trona, in Inyo County.

Its official location is 36° 01' 02" N, 117° 07' 50" W.

Photo Courtesy Bill Babcock

Above, Slim's funeral procession at Ballarat's boot hill on August 17, 1968. Below, Slim's grave before the iron railing was put in place by Norm Riggle and a friend.

Below, the marker on Slim's grave.



On March 15, 1969 a plaque was dedicated to Charles Ferge. Ladies from the Trona VFW Post were color guards.

Below, part of the crowd that swarmed over Ballarat's boot hill the day of Seldom Seen Slim's funeral.

For years he took great pride in being pointed out as the sole resident of Ballarat. Then one day it happened. Slim awoke early one morning to discover that he had a neighbor. Slim thought it just couldn't be true, but there the man was, looking as tall as the towering Panamints in the early morning sunlight. Peter Odens tells the story: "That fellow? He talks big. I think big." This, he said, was the way Slim characterized Bob Dunlap.

I last saw Seldom Seen Slim in March 1968. The late Cy Babcock (The Wildrose Kid) and I had a pleasant visit with him at his camp. We had no idea that this would be our last reunion. As we were about to leave, Slim said, "Tom, what happened when the farmer's bull died?" I gave it some thought then asked, "Slim, what *did* happen when the farmer's bull died?" He took a long draw on his corncob and with that twinkle in his blue eyes laughed, "No more B.S.!"

In August he was found ill at his camp by friends. They rushed the old prospector to the Trona Hospital. He died of cancer on August 10, 1968. His was to be the first burial in Ballarat's Boot Hill in over a quarter of a century.

Slim never forgot his departed friends and for years it was he who kept Boot Hill so neat. That tall gaunt figure on special dates could be seen tenderly placing wildflowers on each grave. When the desert winds blow and the sun sinks behind the great Panamints, who now will remember Ballarat's dead? Sure, one of Slim's friends—a wild coyote will remember with his long mournful howl.

Three hundred and fifty people from all walks of life journeyed to Ballarat to pay their last respects. Spence and Fanny Golin, long-time friends, drove all the way from Santa Monica. Mrs. Gus Troster came down from her mine in Jail Canyon. Mrs. Jim Barker came in from the Indian Ranch. The late Cy Babcock made the longest trip of all—driving 1,300 miles from his home in Prineville, Oregon.

The outdoor services were conducted by the Reverend Donald Sweet against a background of an old adobe wall. The Reverend Sweet compared Slim to John the Baptist because they shared a love of the desert. (They didn't share the Baptist's love of water!) Slim claimed that he hadn't taken a bath in twenty years except when he'd stand outdoors and

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At left, the only professional photographer in Russell, Kansas in 1894 was J. H. Allen. Whether he is taking a picture of a visiting photographer, or vice versa, is not known. The Gays are nearest the camera, while Green's body hangs on the other side of the trestle.

GALLOWS ON THE TREELESS PLAINS

Railroads opened up the West—and closed it for a selected few!

By ROBERT W. RICHMOND
Photos Courtesy Author

THESE two photographs of the same hanging have been variously identified during the years; proper identification, however, dates them from 1894, a time which saw few such lynchings on the Plains. The railroad trestle as gallows is generally associated with the "hell on wheels" railroad towns of the 1860s and 1870s; yet, in this case, the settled farming community of Russell, Kansas was the scene of the vigilante action.

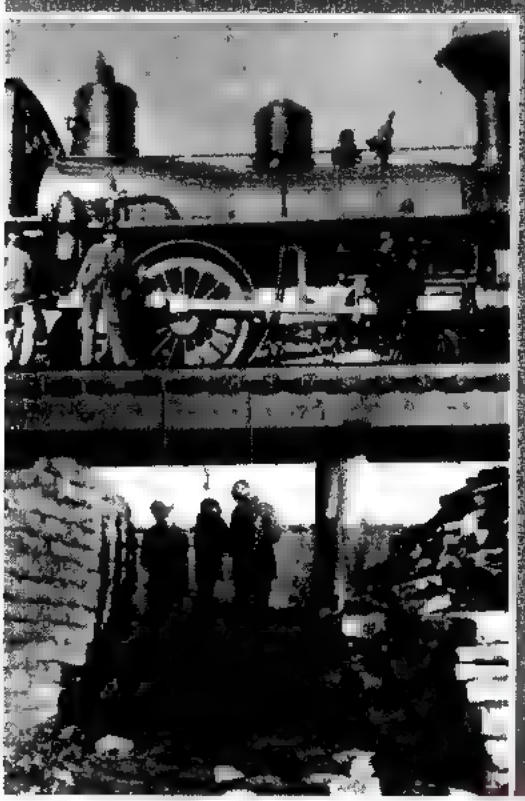
The chain of events leading to its grim conclusion at the Union Pacific bridge over Fossil Creek began in July 1893 when a farmhand named Fred Dininny disappeared. Speculation had been rife in Russell County but the body was still undiscovered as 1894 began. Dininny had worked for a farmer, J. G. Burton, and there was no obvious motive for murder. He had little personal property—three horses, a saddle, a watch and a small amount of money.

On January 11, 1894 the Russell *Record* announced that Dininny's body had been found and that his fate was "no longer shrouded in mystery." Burton had been arrested and had agreed to lead investigators to the burial spot. The paper's story of the exhuming of the body was a gory one since it went into great detail about decomposition and pointed out that the skull of the murdered man had been badly damaged. It was revealed later that the victim had been given strychnine before he was bludgeoned.

A coroner's inquest indicated that Burton was involved in the murder. Burton also implicated two other persons, William and John Gay, who were father and son. On January 14 the lynching took place and the whole story of the murder came out.

Burton had become a suspect when he forged Dininny's name on a bank draft and cashed it. That alone had not been enough to bring prosecution on a murder charge, but it did put him in a jail cell, and the local editor wrote later: "Little did Burton think, as the doors of the cell closed upon him that night, [that] fate had doomed him, that the sleuth hounds of the law were on his trail and would never leave it until he was hunted down; and that he himself within one short month would voluntarily reveal the

(Continued on page 46)



Far left, in this photo the camera included onlookers from a Union Pacific train crew. At left, County Attorney George W. Holland headed the Dininny murder investigation.

hawikuh

Coronado's city of gold turned out to be just an Indian village of stone—and arrows!

Above, excavations at Hawikuh in 1917-23 by the Smithsonian Institution and the Museum of the American Indian uncovered these remains of the 17th century Spanish mission church, as well as evidence of occupation dating to 900 A.D. After completion of the research, the entire site was re-covered for preservation.

By MARJORIE WHITE
Photos Courtesy Author

HOT JULY sunlight danced on the armor of men and horses plodding wearily through the juniper-and-piñon-covered mesas of western New Mexico. Nearly six months had passed since they set out from Compostela on the Pacific coast of Mexico; the horses were exhausted and the bodies of the men throbbed from lack of food and rest.

The year was 1540, and the famed Conquistador Francisco Vasquez de Coronado was approaching the long-sought Seven Cities of Cibola on what is now the Zuni Pueblo Indian Reservation, forty miles south of Gallup, New Mexico.

Legends about seven cities, founded by seven exiled bishops, had been part of European tradition since the Middle Ages. Spanish explorers in Mexico in the early 16th century were excited by travelers' tales of permanent settlements, invariably in a unit of seven, in the unknown land to the north. An exact location was pin-pointed in 1539 by the adventurous missionary Fray Marcos de Niza who said that he saw, from a distant highpoint, seven tall, white-stone, bejeweled cities in the Kingdom of Cibola. The Seven Cities had been discovered at last.

Conquest of these supposedly treasure-laden cities, which actually were the ancestral villages of the modern Zunis, was the objective of Coronado's expedition. Eager to claim their riches for Spain, Coronado had pushed ahead of his slow-moving army, and the herds of livestock which impeded its progress. Resplendent in a suit of golden armor, he rode with a picked detachment of seventy-five horsemen, twenty-five footmen, and some Mexican-Indian allies.

But hunger pangs vied with dreams of fame and wealth as Coronado rode within sight of Hawikuh, the westernmost and supposedly principal city of Cibola. Today, the ancient stone walls of Hawikuh still protrude above the cover of sand and rubble on the site, fourteen miles southwest of Zuni Indian Pueblo.

"We were in such dire need of food that I thought we should all die of starvation if we had to wait another day . . .

Above, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, who first explored the Southwest, nearly lost his life during the siege of Hawikuh on July 7, 1540. He found no gold or jewels but, what was more welcome, plenty of food for his tired, hungry army.

since altogether we did not have two bushels of maize," Coronado reported later.

The Spaniards had no reason to expect a welcome mat at Hawikuh. They knew that the first stranger to visit Hawikuh the year before had been killed by the natives. He was Esteban, the Negro-slave companion of Cabeza de Vaca on his long wanderings (1529-36) across the Southwest, who had guided Fray Marcos de Niza to the discovery of the Seven Cities in 1539. Fray Marcos had turned back to Mexico when he learned about Esteban's death.

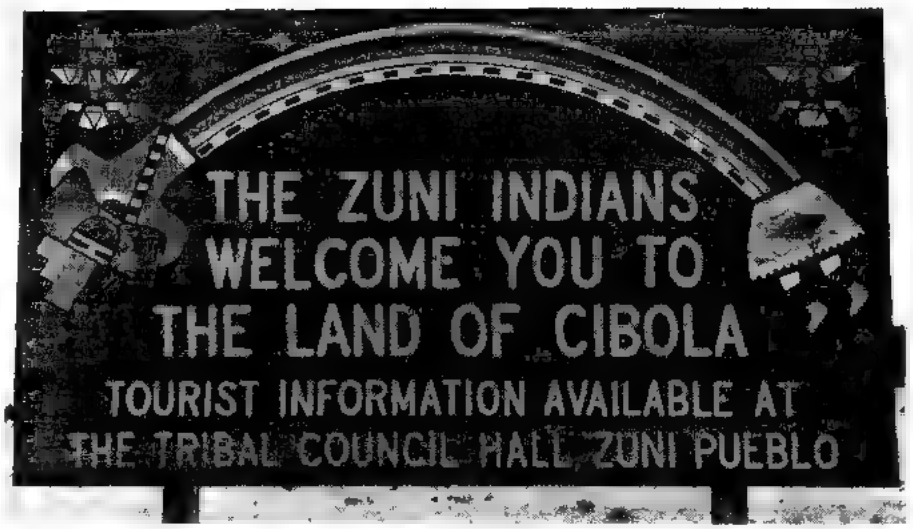
News of the invading armored men, riding on strange armored beasts, had been signalled through all the villages of Cibola. The spies whom Coronado had met en route were not overly responsive to his paternosters and trinkets. A band of the Indians had ambushed the Spanish guards' camp the night before, and although no casualties had resulted, some of the horses were frightened off by the yelling and the arrows. In his anxiety to reach his goal—and much-needed food—Coronado ignored these omens of probable resistance.

WHEN AT long last Hawikuh lay before them, what a disappointment it was! This was not a great settlement, larger than the city of Mexico and built of houses with turquoise-studded doorways, as Fray Marcos de Niza had reported. It was just an Indian village "all crumpled together."

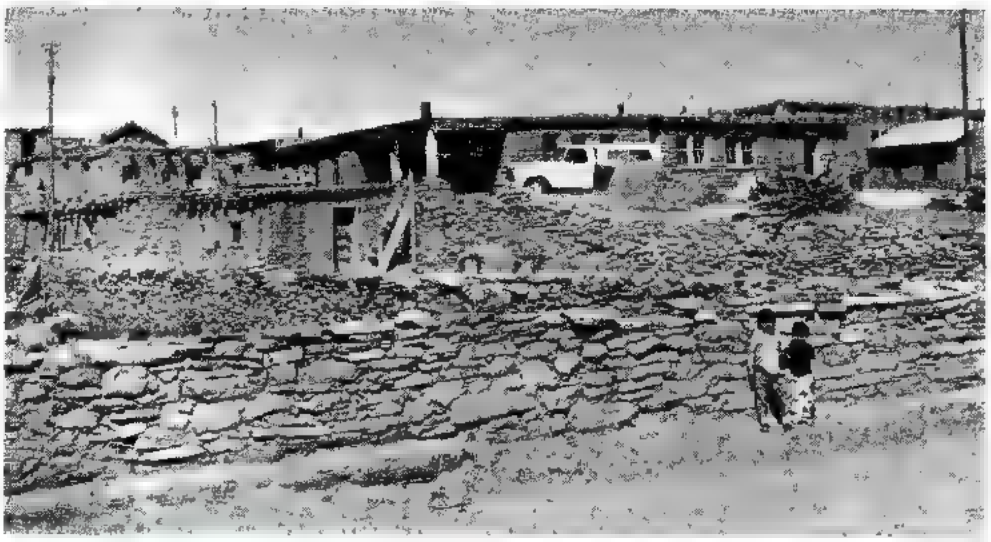
And such were the curses that the soldiers hurled at Fray Marcos that "I pray God to protect him from them," wrote Pedro de Castaneda, chronicler of the Coronado expedition. But the Spaniards had other things to worry about at the moment. Smoke signals were rising all around the city, and it was soon apparent

(Continued on page 50)

Above, the walls of Hawikuh's ancient stone houses, which sheltered Coronado's army, rise above the sand and rubble which cover the ruins today. The village was partially burned by Apaches in 1672 and abandoned a few years later during the Pueblo Indian Revolt. The site was first occupied in 900 A.D., according to archeological evidence.


THE ZUNI INDIANS
WELCOME YOU TO
THE LAND OF CIBOLA
TOURIST INFORMATION AVAILABLE AT
THE TRIBAL COUNCIL HALL, ZUNI PUEBLO

Above, a welcome sign at the border of the Zuni Pueblo Indian Reservation preserves the name of Cibola, which the early Spanish explorers applied to the region. Below, this modern Zuni Indian Pueblo was built on the remains of ancient Halona, one of Coronado's Seven Cities of Cibola, after the Spanish reconquest in 1692. Old stone sections show the construction typical of Hawikuh.



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Illustrations by Stuart Pratt

It is believed that at least twenty men have perished seeking the lost mine of Slummukh, the Indian murderer. The one man believed to have actually found the mine was John Jackson, who staggered out of the wilds in 1903 with a heavy packsack he guarded jealously. Cared for by Indians, he gained his strength and made his way to San Francisco. There he banked some $8,700 in gold. He died soon after, leaving a crude map and description of the treasure valley.

SLUMMUKH'S LOST MINE

By TOM BROWNE
Illustrations Courtesy Author

WHEN bitter winds of winter whine across the Golden Ears, old-timers say it's the ghost of Slummukh haunting the area where his gold-laden creek is hidden so effectively that more than 3,000 searchers have failed to find it.

Slummukh has been gone for seventy years. Convicted of murder—which had been committed to keep secret the location of his valley of gold—he died on the gallows in 1901. His hanging took place on a chill grey morning in the yard of the provincial gaol at New Westminster, British Columbia, a bustling river town sixteen miles from the mouth of the Fraser. From log and frame buildings it has progressed to skyscrapers, but remains the starting point every summer for seekers after Slummukh's lost valley, just as in the old days. Probably the elusive location is a canyon in the tumultuously-piled mountains not more than sixty air miles from the heart of Vancouver and some twelve miles less from historic New Westminster. The secret of the fabulous golden creek went with Slummukh to the gallows. He faced death with the stoic calmness and dignity of his Indian ancestry though some accounts describe him as being part white.

AS FAR AS can be ascertained, Slummukh spent all his time prospecting the Pitt Lake region. Traveling by Indian dugout from New Westminster, he paddled up the Fraser where it was joined by Pitt River, and then into Pitt Lake. In the early 1890s he struck it rich, and visited New Westminster periodically thereafter with a heavy poke. He spent his money lavishly in that lusty town of salmon fishermen, loggers, and mining men.

Despite the urgings of intimates—as well as the good-time Charlies—Slum-

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Every summer, when water is low in the main streams, searchers set out, each hopeful of stumbling onto the Indian's fabulous little valley with its rivulet of gold

mukh was adamant about the location of his mine. When pressed too far he would bristle and warn: "The mountains do not speak; they are silent. So will those be who would lurk like wolves on my trail."

Some of the venturesome did follow Slummukh whenever he left town but the Indian easily outwitted them. On several occasions the more daring of his shadowers were lured far into the wilds before their food ran out and they had to give up or starve.

Slummukh's craftiness soon discouraged attempts to trail him to his golden valley. Already there had been several unexplained disappearances in the wilderness. The bodies of three Indian women had been found in Pitt Lake, all dead from drowning. It was whispered—but never proven, as no marriage licenses had been issued—that all had been successive wives of Slummukh. Some thought he had done away with them to preserve the secret of his valley.

Then the body of a fourth was found floating in the Fraser. She had been stabbed, and the blade of a hunting knife was still in her chest. Authorities suspected Slummukh and when an Indian prospector, who was thought to have come too close to the forbidden creek, was shot to death, Slummukh was taken into custody by B. C. Provincial Police Constable E. Moresby and subsequently convicted of the prospector's murder.

Following his hanging, Slummukh's creek became known as the Lost Mine of the Golden Ears. Golden Ears is the colloquial name of the 5,560-foot mountain rising on the east side of Pitt Lake. Its twin peaks mark the entrance to a vast mineralized area. *(British Columbia Geographical Gazeteer* lists it as Blanchard Mountain, named after an early Hudson's Bay fur man.)

Every summer, city people search for Slummukh's mine on their vacations, never penetrating the mountains too far. But others, such as veteran gold hunter Volcanic Brown from Grand Forks in central B. C.'s Boundary country—another mining area—are professional prospectors who have searched for the mine at length. Brown's trips into the Golden Ears region were begun in the 1940s. On his first try he endured extreme hardships from staying too late in the season. Brown suffered severe frostbite to his feet, and several toes had to be amputated. But so confident was he of the mine's existence that he made another trip the following spring. From this one he never returned.

The area traversed by Brown—and others—is indescribably rugged with mazes of steep-walled dead-end canyons. Winter sets in early and snow lies fifty feet in places before the spring thaw.

Altogether, through the years, twenty-one seekers for the Golden Ears mine have disappeared. The latest was Fred Gaspard, an experienced gold hunter, woodsman and trapper. He left his lower Fraser Valley home at Aldergrove on July 2, 1950. From his house the Golden Ears peaks were plainly visible to the north and he fell under their spell. On leaving, Gaspard told friends he would be

Map shows the location of the mountain wilderness only 50 miles northeast of metropolitan Vancouver, B.C., believed to hold the secret to the fabulous treasure of the Mine of the Golden Ears.

back by early November before his food supply became depleted and before snow flew. But he failed to come out of the mountains.

R. H. Sinclair of Vancouver, who was an old friend of the 59-year-old Gaspard, tried vainly to talk him out of going alone. But Gaspard, a Swiss, had spent forty years of his life traveling through the wilderness and during that time had experienced some close calls. Each time his resourcefulness and ingenuity had saved him.

Sinclair refused for many months to believe his friend had met with misadventure, even after two sweeps of the mountains had been made by Mounted Police aircraft without results. Gaspard, who had spent several years checking details surrounding the lost mine, believed he had pin-pointed its location. He confided to Sinclair that it was thirty-five miles above Alvin, a tiny logging settlement at the head of Pitt Lake. Gaspard had a helicopter fly him to a point thirteen miles beyond Alvin and land him and his supplies on a sand bar of the upper Pitt River, which was at its summer low. From there Gaspard packed in.

The presumed site of the lost mine is described as a son-of-a-moose country, perilous to lone travelers because of the possibility of a fall with resultant broken bones. It is filled with bears, too, some of which can be dangerous.

THE inaccessibility of the area where Gaspard, among others, believed the mine was located, drew the scoffs of old-timers who doubted very much that Slummukh ever would have ventured into it, since Indians are noted for taking the easiest routes when traveling—or even searching for gold.

And there is a strong belief by many that not all of the mine searchers who have disappeared met with accidents. Rather, they believe the mountain fastnesses are inhabited by Sasquatches, legendary giants who may have killed the prospectors for their supplies and equipment.

Rene Dahinden, of Sidaway Road, Richmond, near Vancouver, is positive these huge hairy people exist. A student of anthropology, he has led expeditions in search of them for the past 20 years. Other prominent men stoutly support the existence of Sasquatches, including John Green, erudite publisher of the Agassiz (B. C.) *Advance;* Roger Pattison of Yakima, Washington; veterinarian Jim Porter of Terrace, B.C.; Bill Jenkins of Trail, B.C.; Bob Titmus, former taxidermist of Redding, California, now of Kitimat, B.C.; and Dick Grover of Everett, Washington.

Only one man is believed to have stumbled on Slummukh's golden valley—Johnathon Jackson, an old Alaskan prospector. In 1903, traveling by canoe with two Indians to guide him, he penetrated the Upper Pitt River country (above the lake) in the same direction Gaspard had headed. Jackson dismissed his guides and continued on alone. (Indians have shown little, if any, interest in searching for the Golden Ears mine.)

In three months Jackson came out, an ill and weakened man. He stopped in New Westminster overnight on his way to San Francisco. It was said he carried a heavy packsack which he never let out of his sight. But San Francisco was the end of the trail for the old sourdough. Death was hovering when he penned a letter to a friend named Shotwell in Seattle, advising that he had found Slummukh's Golden Ears mine, and urging Shotwell to go after the gold.

Jackson's letter, a copy of which fell into the hands of the late Hugh Murray of New Westminster, pioneer Cariboo Trail stage driver, prospector and woods guide, related that after searching for two months and with grub running

(Continued on page 61)

WOLF BAIT!

WAY BACK just after Oklahoma statehood, 1910 or '12, we moved to a new place to farm for the coming year. Dad was a renter, a cotton farmer, and every year just after Christmas we would move from one tenant farm to another that Dad always thought was going to be better. There used to be a saying that three moves were as bad as a burnout. I believe that. When you start counting the stacks of fodder that were left behind, and the household plunder and the stray pigs we failed to find, the fruit jars left in the cellar, and stuff broken from jolting over the rough roads, or sometimes trails, it came to quite a bit. Most tenant farmers moved every year, though, just like Dad.

He was always a sort of loner. He used to say that when he could smell the wood smoke or hear the ring of the neighbor's ax it was getting too crowded.

Funny thing about the place we moved to that year—it was just about five miles from old Monroe, Oklahoma up in a long, narrow valley known as Spook Hollow. It was three miles to the nearest neighbor as you went toward Monroe; and it was the same distance if you went deeper into the Poteau Mountains toward King's sawmill.

King's Mill was where the high shrill whine of the steel saws moaned day and night cutting the virgin pines. As a kid I watched the great towering trees sway and fall. I saw them being skidded down the mountainsides by a skid-team of big mules and, if the mountains were too steep for the mules, the loggers made log slides down the sheer sides of the mountains. Here, where great piles of logs were gathered, men came with their cant hooks and levers and chains, and pryed and prodded and heaved at the big logs until they started slipping faster and faster down the steep grade. The great bare slashes of the log runs still show on the mountainsides. I visited Spook Hollow after fifty-five years and the scars were still there.

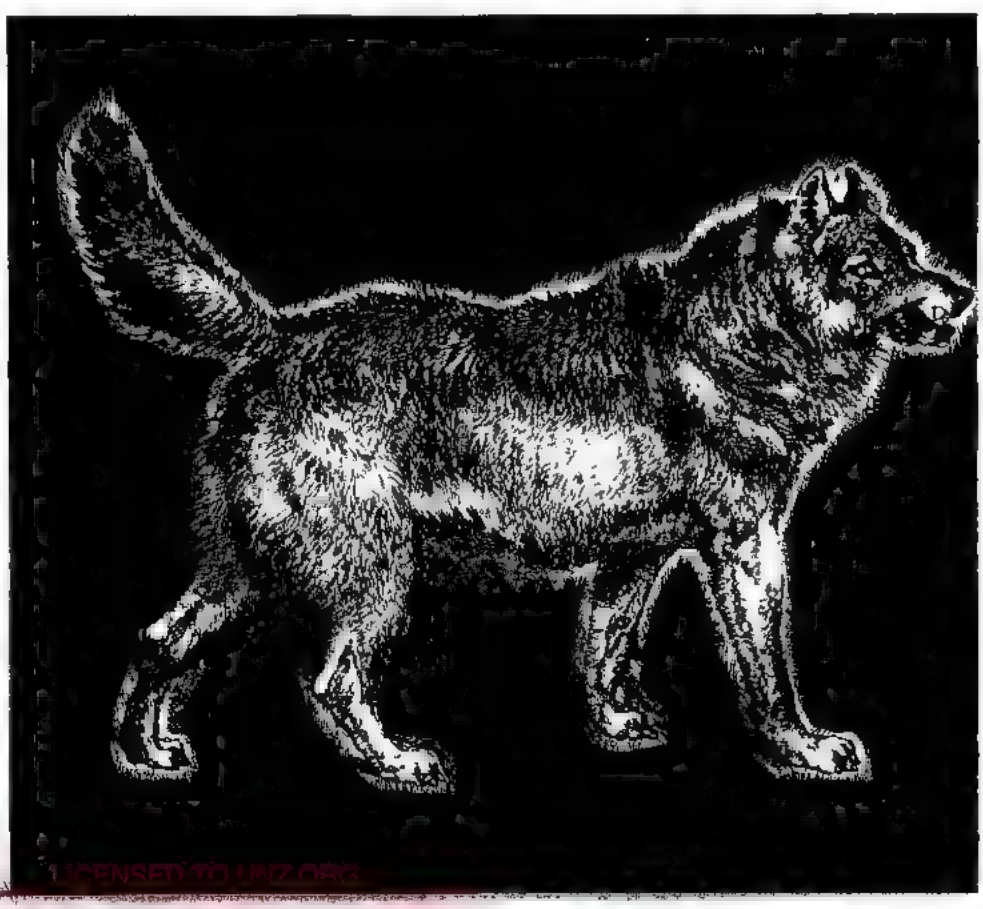
A FELLOW by the name of John Graney had lost an arm in a railroad accident and, with the insurance money from the settlement, came into the Monroe country looking for a little farm to buy. He fell in love with quietly beautiful Spook Hollow, and built, with his one good arm, a wide-porched, deep-windowed house that was the envy of every woman in the neighborhood who ever saw it. Not too many of them ever did, though, for Spook Hollow was far off the beaten path.

Graney had been engaged to a society girl in Fort Smith, Arkansas, and marry her he did. On their honeymoon, he brought her to the home he had so painstakingly built. She took one look and went back to Fort Smith. Graney couldn't stand the big house after that. He immediately started building a one-room shack farther back into Spook Hollow, and put the big house up for rent. The renter was to get half the crops for he must finish the clearing that Graney had started.

This isolated lovely valley was right down Dad's line. We kids loved it too. Silent as the dawn of creation, wild as the primeval forest in which it stood. Deer were everywhere. Rabbits, squirrels, 'possums, coon and other game abounded along the swift little stream that flowed through the valley. Being a tomboy I soon had a trap line going, and in nothing flat I had the side of our little barn covered with my pointed boards stretched with 'possum hides curing in the sun.

We could take our choice. It was six miles by the only road out of Spook Hollow to the little Poteau View School, or it was three miles as the crow flies across the very top of the Poteau Mountains. We kids took the crow route. Sometimes the clouds were above the mountaintop but most of the time in rainy weather they were far down on the sides, and as we walked the top we were often in bright sunlight while below us thunder rolled and lightning flashed. As we decended we found rain and rushing little mountain streams that ran wildly for a few moments then dwindled away into rills and still pools.

We had a summer school back then. This summer school lasted two months.



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Then we stopped to pick cotton, after which came winter school. Winter school lasted until the cotton was ready to chop in the spring, then school was over until the cotton was laid by.

Once when walking across this mountain from summer school I had my head buried in one of those big old red Books of Knowledge, reading away. I was walking barefoot on the soft pine needles that covered the path when suddenly I stepped on something that felt like cold, slippery glass. I jumped; the big old diamondback rattler jumped too; then it was a race to see who won. I did—with the help of a big black pine knot. I took the rattles, all thirteen of them and a button. That was a mistake for Dad made us walk the long way 'round the rest of summer school. He said when winter school opened, the snakes would be holed up and the mountain trail would be safe.

Faster and faster the children hurried. Just a few yards behind them were three great gray wolves—eyes shining, jaws dripping—malevolent and terrifying

By OLEVIA E. MYERS
Photo Courtesy Author

OUR BEST friends were named Harris. They lived just a half mile from Poteau View School on a place owned by a Mr. Crouch. We often went home with the Harris kids to spend the night, or we would go on week ends. In turn they would visit with us; lots of times on Sunday Mr. Harris hitched his team to the wagon and they came over for Sunday dinner. We'd all go back to Poteau View for church on Sunday night.

Like young healthy animals we kids roamed the long valley of Spook Hollow. We hunted young rabbits and birdnests; we chunked the wasp nests that were everywhere. We gathered wild huckleberries and ate them until our teeth turned blue. Half-ripe persimmons puckered our mouths, and hornets stung us as we tried to rock down their big nests. Cleo Harris once got stung on the upper eyelid and his eye looked like it had a big balloon over it. We went to the kitchen and got some baking soda and plastered it good and went on with our play.

That fall one of our cows died. We found her down on the little creek bank. Cow hides were worth $2. Dad said he was not going to skin that old milch cow so my little twin brothers and I decided we could make some money real easy. We sharpened kitchen knives with Dad's eight-inch cotton hoe file, and took off to make that two dollars.

It was a sharp, blustery November day. I had no more than gotten the old cow's hide split up the belly, up the legs and around the hoofs, until my hands were numb with cold. Every few moments I'd have to stop and put my stiff wet fingers under my armpits to warm them up. One of the twins was dispatched to the house to get a bucket of fire coals from the fireplace to start us a bonfire.

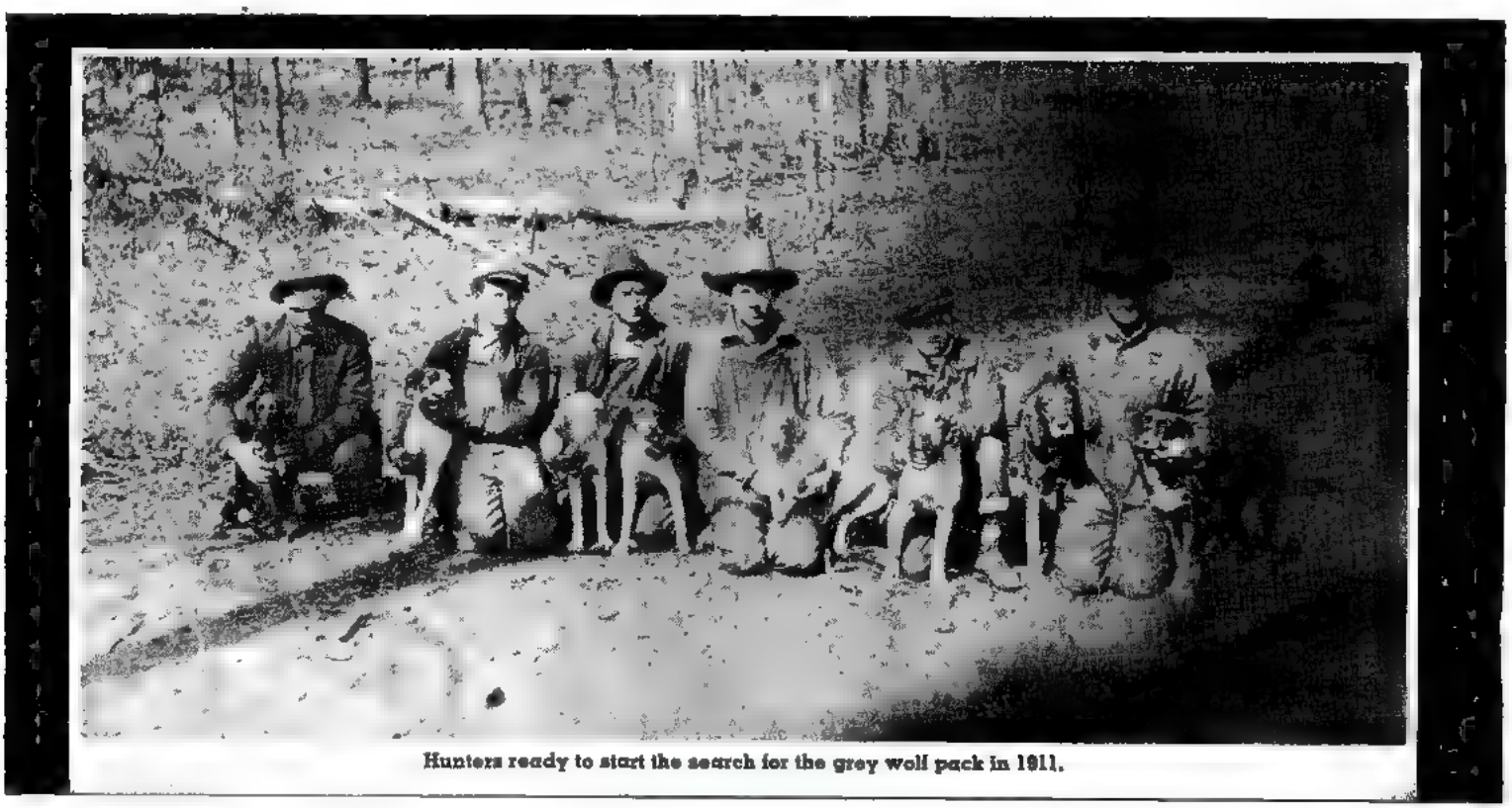
By noon I had half (the top half) of the old cow skinned, and was ready to get her turned over and go after the other half even though I had begun to wonder a little if that two dollars was going to be as easy earned as we had imagined. The twins had long since turned their whole attention to keeping up the fire, while I cut and pulled and tugged on that slippery cow hide.

With the help of a couple of pry poles and the twins we finally got the old stiff cow over, and I was on the home stretch. The icy wind kept biting at my wet hands and I knew it was going to take a good-size chunk of the mutton tallow in the old K C Baking Power can on the wash bench to get them back to normal. No matter—that two dollars was getting close.

The sun was sinking low when the hide was finally free of the carcass. We half-dragged, half-carried the cold wet thing homeward, and the twins were already spending their two-thirds of the two dollars. Right then I just wanted to get home, wash my hands in warm water, and get them doctored with some of that mutton tallow.

But mutton tallow failed to do the trick that time. My hands were a mess. Cracks ran every which way and from some of them blood oozed every time I tried to bend my fingers. Swollen, red, and hurting like the fires of a dozen rich pine knots were on them, I walked the floor and bawled. Dad finally got out of bed, melted nearly a wash-panful of tallow and immersed my hands in the warm stuff.

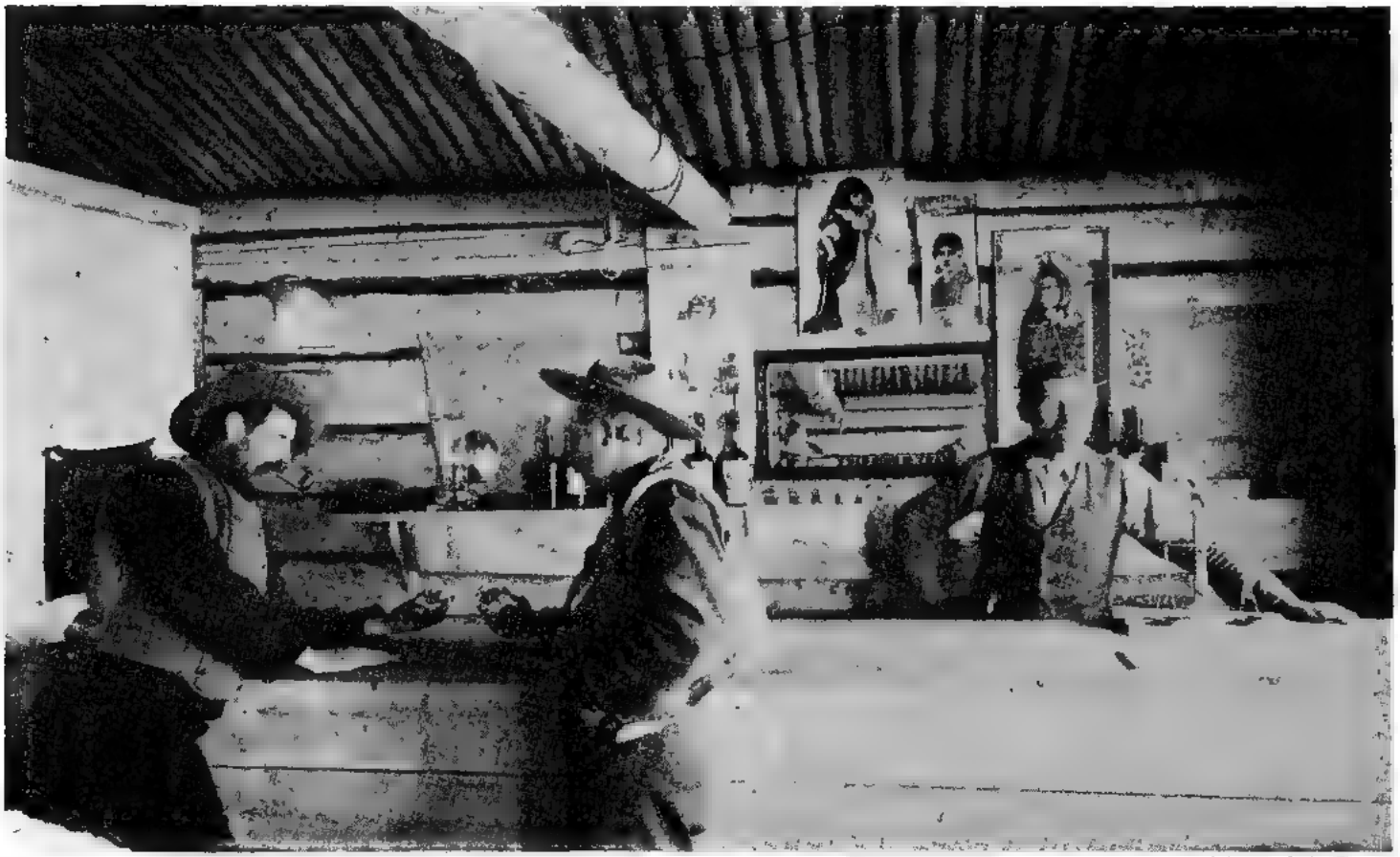
(Continued on page 68)



Hunters ready to start the search for the grey wolf pack in 1911.

CRAZY KLONDIKE

Some hot ideas that



J. Moore Collection

A few bottles of whiskey and two or three packs of cards were often enough to set a man up in the saloon business in the Klondike. It was in these saloons that prospectors often looked for "angels" to grubstake them on what were often fictitious mining claims.

By JEAN MICHAEL MOORE
Photos Courtesy Author

ALL MINING booms were sparked with unrestrained hope, recklessness and gold-tinted dreams, but the results were often lost fortunes, shattered hopes, and tragedy. Yet gold fever also had its humorous side which sometimes resulted in absurdities and ridiculous situations.

The Klondike boom surpassed all others in exploiting human frailty and gullibility. During its short lifetime it was a mecca for heisters, con men and exploiters of original—and often weird—money-making schemes.

The Klondike bicycle route was undoubtedly the most impractical. A syndicate was formed to manufacture a special type of bike deemed particularly suitable for travel over the famous Chilkoot Pass. Advertising brochures had the following to say about this transportation miracle:

"The Klondike bicycle is especially designed to carry freight, and is in reality a four-wheeled vehicle and a bicycle combined. It is built very strongly and weighs about fifty pounds. The tires are of solid rubber one and a half inches in diameter. The frame is the ordinary diamond of steel tubing, built, however, more for strength than appearance, and wound with rawhide shrunk on to enable the miners to handle it with comfort in low temperatures. From each side of the top bar two arms of steel project, each arm carrying a smaller wheel about fourteen inches in diameter which, when not in use, can be folded up inside the diamond frame.

"Devices for packing large quanties of material are attached to the handlebars and rear forks, and the machine, it is estimated, will carry 500 pounds.

"The plan is to load it with half the miner's equipment, drag it on four wheels ten miles or so. Then the rider will fold up the side wheels, ride it back as a bicycle, and bring on the rest of the load.

"Every miner who goes to the gold fields must take with him about 1,000 pounds of supplies, and the only way to transport them is for him to carry them on his back. The most that a man can carry for any distance is 200 pounds. The method now in vogue is to carry one load five miles, hide it so that it will not be destroyed by animals, and then go back for another load. In this tedious way the goods are finally transported to their destination. The Klondike bicycle will completely revolutionize the obsolete and

BUSINESS SCHEMES

never got off the tundra!

J. Moore Collection

Untrained dogs from the states couldn't compete with dog teams such as these found in the Klondike.

back-breaking method of transportation."

Despite the exploitation of the Klondike wonder vehicle, there is no record of anyone having gone to Dawson City by it. One thing so necessary for bike riding had been overlooked by the syndicate—good roads.

A KALAMAZOO man, after reading about the frightful hazards of the passes, rapids and ice-bound trails, announced to the public that he was building an airship which would be capable of sailing over anything, could carry a ton of supplies and make a round trip to the gold fields and back in two weeks. The response to this announcement was terrific. He received mail from many parts of the world written by people eager to secure passage on the balloon. One Illinois citizen, as soon as he heard about the new mode of travel to the gold fields, sent a draft for $500 to the navigator of the airship who, it was said, was honest enough to return the draft to the sender.

Although the balloonist made it clear when he first announced his intention of establishing a route to the Klondike that his contraption would be able to carry but three passengers including himself, and that the party would stay in the Klondike only as long as it would take to locate several rich claims and then return home to dream of the gold they would have in the spring, letters begging for passage continued to pour in. The great Kalamazoo airship was indeed a marvel of the day, but its one defect prevented this great transcontinental airline from being opened—it simply would not fly.

Credit for a combination land and water-borne vessel was given to some wandering California miners who designed a sectional steel ship with oars and sails to propel it in water, and two side plates that could be pulled down to form a smooth, flat surface under the keel for land travel. It was to have special air chambers and iron-plated burglar-proof vaults for storing precious yellow cargo. Just exactly what went wrong with this invention never was made known. A statement made by an old prospector perhaps summed up its imperfections and gave as logical an explanation for its failure as was possible to give: "The dadblamed thing jist ain't made to work."

GRUBSTAKERS—miners who had the burning desire to search for gold in the Klondike but lacked the necessary funds to further their ambitions—sought out the "angels" who would advance money for grub and transportation to the diggings. The angels received one-half of whatever the prospectors discovered.

(Continued on page 64)

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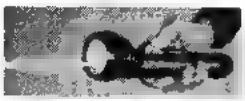

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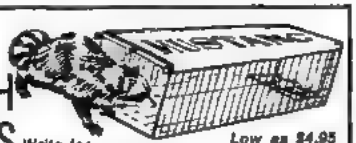

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

Billy Longley, who was hanged. So, with that evidence, James Longley has to be my wife's second cousin.

In comparing the picture of James Longley and a picture we have of William Riley Longley, they look like twin brothers.

I subscribe to all three of your magazines. If you read them long enough, you are sure to come up with some lost kin.—N. A. Parsons, Route 1, Bangs, Texas 76823

Buckshot Ranchers

In your April 1971 Truly Western section was a choice bit of information by C. Hagin of 1420 E. Grand, Des Moines, Iowa about the old CY Chuckwagon and the bed wagon he drove.

Big and Little Joe Petty were also called Black and White Joe Petty. White Joe worked for my dad, ran the Buckshot Ranch, and always had a bunch of colts he was breaking for various and sundry reasons. My dad, when I started wearing spurs, gave me a note to Little Joe at the Buckshot. I surreptitiously read the note before I delivered it. "This kid thinks he wants to be a bronc stomper. Knock it out of him, please."

Joe, while he worked at the lower ranch, had maried Katie Dorr who was a good horse hand herself. She would haze for him until she got him across the Platte River bridge, then go back to Douglas and to bed. Then they moved onto and took up the Buckshot for my dad.

With the last bite of supper staring me in the face, Joe would say "Pistol," (I was Pistol because I couldn't keep from opening my mouth and saying whatever came into my mind) "you had better wrangle the colts." Joe would give me my choice of them and I would rope what I hoped would be the gentlest and hobble him. Katie would be nowhere in sight but as soon as we mounted, damned if she didn't have the big corral gate open and there we were in the big outside world. The deal was that everybody had to work his colt back into the corral. Big Black Jake, who wasn't either big or black, used to drop by. He had a stunt—he would take a thirty-five-foot saddle rope and spin it until he had it spinning faster than a rope should spin and then he would shoot it out full speed, then he would turn and grin and say, "That's the way the Canadians catch their saddle horses." I asked him if they ever actually caught any of them. He grinned and said, "Not very many."—Arthur S. Buck Erwin, 820 California Avenue, Reno, Nevada 89502

Inyo, Bellows, and Mormons

I have just read the story "The Ghost of Inyo" in the May 1972 issue, and one item in the story was of considerable interest to me. It reads as follows: "Another small ghost of the 1863 era is Ida. Original discovery of gold ore at this place was made by Curtis Bellows who erected a ten-stamp water-powered mill at an asserted cost of $10,000, and on March 6, 1863 was shot and killed by Indians."

Curtis Bellows was a cousin of my grandfather. He was born here in Chateaugay in 1831. His father, Simeon, was born in Vermont in 1872. Chateaugay village is forty miles west of Lake Champlain on what was once the old Military Turnpike. I also read the story about Curtis Bellows and his brother, Horace (Bart) Bellows, in the February 1966 issue of TRUE WEST. Horace was born here in 1833.

Incidentally, Brigham Young and Joseph Smith were born in Vermont and traveled over the Turnpike on their way West. The first Mormon Bible was printed by E. B. Grandin at Palmyra, New York. Joseph Meacham, an apostle in the Mormon Church, had many relatives living in this area. Smith and Meacham converted quite a number of people to their new church and they went with them to the Mormon Colony in Nauvoo, Illinois. The names of some of the converts are as follows: Hiram Mead and family; Norman Meacham, Stephen Meacham and Joseph Meacham with their families, all relatives of Jospeh Meacham, the apostle; George Haskell; Polly and Susan Moses. These people were among the first converts to Mormonism and lived in the same neighborhood with my grandmother's parents and relatives.

Some time ago I read a story in TRUE WEST about the Mormons in Utah, which prompted me to write this, telling about their early activities here over 130 years ago. A short time ago I read an interesting story in TRUE WEST about John Brown. For four or five years during the 1850s he lived about forty miles south of here at North Elba, near the village of Lake Placid, New York. It was there that he started a settlement for escaped slaves. His house and a few of his possessions are tourist attractions during the summer season. This episode of his life wasn't mentioned in the TRUE WEST article.

I'm not much of a letter writer; I hate to write. However, after reading some of the stories in your magazines about people from this part of the country that I have some knowledge about, I had an urge to write to you giving some of my comments about them.—Ralph Bellows, Route 2, Chateaugay, New York 12920

Indian Autographs

About five or six years ago I purchased from a used book store some 1955 issues of TRUE WEST. On the cover of the June 1955 issue there is an autograph of someone called "White Eagle," then on the first page there is another autograph which looks like "Gold Eagle Chief." Both signatures appear to have been written by the same person. I asked the dealer if he knew anything about them but all he said was that the man he had bought them from had mentioned something about having this copy autographed by some Indian.

Would any of your TRUE WEST readers be able to throw any light on this? I sure would appreciate it.—Mrs. Les Morris, 19008 Drycliff Street, Saugus, California 91350

WALKING THE WALL AT THE IDAHO PEN

By RUSS DENIO
Photo Courtesy Author

—a fleeting friendship between a prisoner and a guard

Explanatory note: In 1919 the author —young, inexperienced and just returned from World War I—went to work as guard in the Idaho State Penitentiary at Boise. The country was in a depression, jobs were few and highly prized—even those paying $50 a month for a twelve-hour shift six days a week.

THE first day I took over my patrol job alone I paused about halfway between the towers and looked down several feet on an inmate who was obviously trying to get my attention from the prison yard below. He was a harmless looking man except for his black and white striped outfit that designated him as a convict, and he looked as cold and miserable as I was up on top of the wall that January day.

Since I had been on the job less than a week, I was not too familiar with the rules and regulations. I motioned for the poor fellow to come closer so I could hear what he was trying to ask me. When he came over to the bottom of the wall he tilted his head toward me and yelled so I could make out what he was saying above the cold winter wind. "I hear over the grapevine that you are one of the first gold-stripers to return from 'Over There.' Are you glad to be home again?" Gossip traveled as fast among the inmates as it did among the ladies' neighborhood card parties which were so popular in those days.

This seemed a very harmless question and I gave him a polite answer. "You better believe it, fellow. There is no place like home."

When I checked out at the end of my shift that day, I had completely forgotten about talking to the convict that morning. It certainly had never crossed my mind that I had violated one of the prison's strictest rules; consequently, I was caught off balance when I was told to report to the chief turnkey, a man known as Blackey. The turnkey had a reputation of carrying a perpetual chip on his shoulder, and his disposition was disagreeable and hardboiled.

"What the hell were you doing, allowing that con to come over to the bottom of the wall and, of all things, holding a conversation with him?" Blackey asked. "Don't you know that the ten feet from the bottom of that wall to the inside footpath is *forbidden territory to the inmates?*"

I answered his questions honestly and in the negative because it was terribly important that I hang on to this job, at least until something better came along. The gigantic crop failure throughout that part of the country had hit the farmers a real killing blow and, realizing that more veterans would soon be returning—all looking for jobs—condi-

Inside of the Idaho State Penetentiary, showing the wall patrolled by the author while a member of the security force in 1919.

tions were bound to get worse before they got better.

I wasn't fired, and during the next few weeks I made it a point to try and find out just why Blackey had such a dislike for Lymon Jones, the inmate I had allowed to come over close to the bottom of the wall. Jones, although not a big man, had plenty of just plain old guts and was not the type to show a yellow streak regardless of another man's size. His stand-up ability had been proven on several occasions in the past when he had confronted the turnkey without batting an eye, and among the inmates theirs was a feud to be watched.

I got acquainted with one of the oldest guards in the prison and at lunch time we would get off by ourselves and talk. Through him I was able to piece together the following story about Lymon Jones and why it was common gossip that he was serving time on a bum rap.

JONES had been a common ranch hand, following the harvest crews. In so doing he had crossed over the state line into Idaho where he was a total stranger and had hired out to the first big ranch he came across. In spite of his small stature Jones did his work well, and easily made friends with the other ranch hands.

He hadn't been on this job very long when he began to hear rumors about his new boss; in fact, Jones was forewarned that he could expect trouble when payday rolled around. It seemed that the boss had a habit of running off a new hand by threatening to beat his brains out, after which he would pocket the poor devil's pay. Jones received this information with no outward sign of emotion, but when payday arrived he tucked his six-gun inside of his open shirt front just to play safe.

True to the warning that he had received, the ranch boss exploded the minute Jones asked for his month's pay. He started to curse Jones, saying he hadn't earned a dime since he had come to work. But Jones refused to be bullied and just stood there quietly looking the rancher up and down with as cold an eye as was ever cast toward another man. The calm attitude taken by Jones seemed to infuriate the other man. Livid with rage, the boss pulled a switchblade knife and advanced toward Jones with every outward show of using him for a carving block.

"Stay put!" Jones commanded as his hand with a quick movement swung forth holding his six-gun. But his anger-crazed adversary, obviously thinking that this little man with a gun was running a bluff while he himself was in dead earnest, charged on like a bull. In simple self-defense Jones pulled the trigger, not once but twice.

His boss stood there with a surprised look on his face for a moment before clutching his chest and sinking to the ground. Jones then walked over and, when he saw that the wounded man was still breathing, removed his own hat from his head, walked over to a nearby water trough, filled it with water and calmly proceeded to wash away the blood. Jones asked one of the bystanders to call a doctor and also to put in a call for the high sheriff. By the time the doctor arrived it was too late.

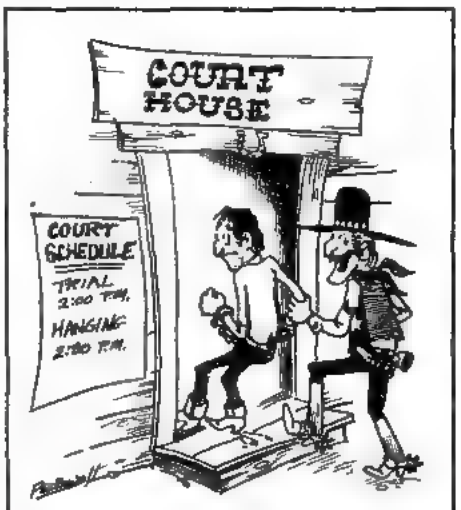
A short time later when the officers arrived Jones walked toward them with his gun extended butt-first. After he had been cuffed and the officers had gotten a few statements and names from the witnesses, they all left for the county seat where Jones was locked up.

At the trial it was apparent that Jones' big mistake had been to settle in a very clannish religious community of a different faith from his own. The man he had killed, the prosecuting attorney, the presiding judge and all twelve members of the jury belonged to this faith. Jones was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

Luckily his case was later reviewed by officials who were not biased in any way. Their findings were that, although from all appearances it was an out and out case of self-defense, they were hampered by some witnesses who were unwilling to testify in Jones' favor. The sentence was commuted to life, with a recommendation that Jones' case be given due consideration "at a reasonable time served," this to be taken up by the parole board.

With no previous criminal record and overall good conduct in the Idaho State Penitentiary (not counting his personal feud with the chief turnkey Blackey), Jones was considered a minimum security risk and often was assigned to jobs outside the compound, such as cleaning out the barns, working at the dairy or in the vegetable field. Blackey, of course, harassed Jones at every opportunity, making it plain to all that he had set out to break the man's spirit, but Jones refused to allow this to happen. However, more than once Jones was overheard to say, after one of the frequent goadings, "Someday, you s-o-b, I'll catch you on the outside and we'll settle this little feud once and for all."

NOBODY paid any attention, as the threat was figured to be mostly talk; then Jones turned up missing one bitterly cold day. All hell broke loose inside the compound when Blackey discovered that Jones had left without kissing him goodbye, and to all appearances he was hysterical with anger; but most of the inmates as well as the prison personnel thought he was trying to hide his fear that he would be called upon to go on a search party. Whatever was in the minds of everyone, all were totally unprepared for what happened.



"Yessir! Justice is swift in Judge Asprew's court!"

After being among the missing for a whole week Jones showed up at the main gate with a heavy growth of beard, looking half-starved and frozen. The officials didn't attempt to question him until he'd been given some food and hot coffee, after which he explained what had happened. "At no time have I been out of sight of the main gate and all of this time I was hoping against hope that Blackey would come looking for me. Believe me, I was ready for him. I was going to give him the whipping of his life but I couldn't wait any longer to do this pleasant chore as I have been about frozen stiff this past week just waiting and hoping. I had to come back so I could get thawed out."

Before leaving my job at the Idaho State Penitentiary to accept a new job with the American Railway Express Company, I made the rounds through the different departments and shops to bid goodbye to the personnel as well as several of the inmates—one inmate especially, Lymon Jones. After his return from spending a cold week waiting for the turnkey to be sent looking for him it was decided by the powers that be to separate these two who were carrying chips on their shoulders for each other before something did erupt and everybody would be sorry. So Jones was assigned as cook's helper in the night crew who cooked the midnight meal and also the breakfast for guards on the night shift. Under this arrangement Blackey was just going off duty when Jones' shift began.

I had heard that Jones' case was to come up before the next meeting of the Pardons and Parole Board, and that his recent stunt hadn't been chalked up against him. It hadn't actually been an attempt to escape, just a longing to give Blackey a good whipping, and in this thought Jones had quite a few (including some of the prison personnel) on his side. When I shook his hand I reminded him about the upcoming board meeting, advised him to keep his nose clean, and wished him plenty of good luck.

My first assignment on my new job was in the express and baggage department. We were called "baggage smashers." The man who had to break in a new man always hated this chore. As the old saying goes, there are tricks in all trades and when it came to handling traveling salesmen's over-sized sample trunks a new man could just about kill off an old hand. Instead of working with him the new guy would always work just the opposite, which would throw most of the weight-lifting to the old hand. I wasn't long in getting the feel and before long I was able to walk any of those big old trunks as fast as my partner. It was a better paying job than at the prison—$75.00 per month.

This was before parcel post was part

(Continued on page 72)

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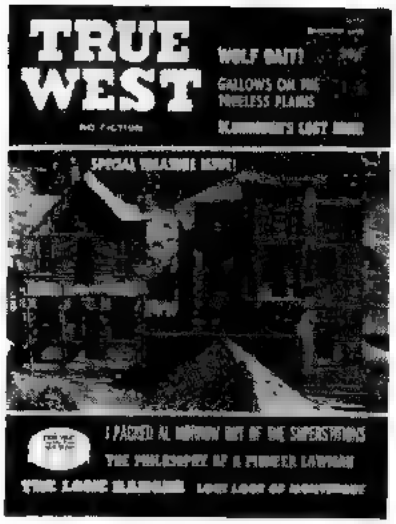

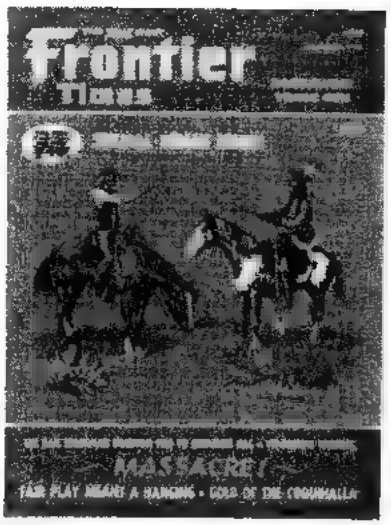

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Wild Old Days!

O'BYRNE'S TRAINED ELK

By Hank Givens

SANTA CLAUS in a conveyance pulled by two elk was a forerunner of commercialism back in the 1890s; the idea was short-lived, however, because of traffic ordinances, firebugs and malicious mischief.

The young elk were captured in 1888 in North Park, Colorado and taken to the Denver Stockyards to be auctioned off. John O'Byrne, a passenger brakeman on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway, bought the pair from Judge A. W. Rucker of Aspen, Colorado and took them home to Colorado Springs to begin their training to drive both double and single.

Because Colorado Springs was "dry," the elk acquired most of their experience in harness pulling O'Byrne and his cronies on wild rides west to Colorado City where any amusement a man had in mind could be found. The animals eventually covered the three miles between the towns in six to seven minutes.

After months of training, the elk with O'Byrne dressed as Santa made their official appearance during the Christmas season of 1889 in Colorado Springs. Residents stopped to watch as the cart bearing Santa came at a fast clip down Tejon Street. O'Byrne, a diminutive man, appeared to be St. Nick, himself. His red coat looked obviously stuffed, but the traditional white beard and pointed cap flowed believably in the breeze.

"Merry Christmas!" he shouted to everyone as the outfit toured the town's main streets delighting young and old. Well—almost—if you exclude some runaway horses and ill-tempered owners. In addition, not all dogs were friendly toward them.

The Christmas tour through Colorado Springs was only the beginning of a series of misadventures for O'Byrne and his over-sized pets. O'Byrne's run on the railroad was changed in the summer of 1890, so he and the elk took up residence in Denver where they became increasingly unpopular, mostly because they caused numerous runaways of blooded horses and expensive broughams in the exclusive Capitol Hill section. O'Byrne soon became a frequent visitor at city hall where he patiently listened to the police clerk read the ordinance concerning animals in the streets.

"Goats and other animals that are dangerous to life and property must be kept off the streets of Denver," the clerk read in a "strong" voice. "Now, young fellow, you keep those animals out of the city or we will lock you up!"

But O'Byrne was never jailed, never fined and always given one more chance. His problems with the elk continued into the Christmas holidays of 1890. W. L. Van Horne, proprietor of a Denver sporting goods store, approached O'Byrne with the idea of dressing as Santa and driving the elk as an advertisement for the store during the week before Christmas.

"I can play Santa in the country," O'Byrne told him, "but the chief of police warned me that if he ever caught me in the city with the elk team, he'd lock me up, shoot the elk and feed the meat to the bears at Ehtch's Zoological Gardens."

This problem was solved by a friend of Van Horne, Terry Owens, an authority on constitutional law.

"There's no law in the United States to stop you, O'Byrne, from driving anything that turns a wheel, so long as you make your living at it," Owens advised.

CHRISTMAS week arrived and O'Byrne was on the job in fur coat, long whiskers and a woolly cap. The team caused a mishap the very first day. Hitched to a buggy in front of a shop was a horse. When he caught a whiff of the elk he broke loose, and the buggy was upset and dragged to pieces.

Despite this, O'Byrne and the elk worked for Van Horne for five days, and the store did a big business.

During the following months, the elk had narrow escapes when someone twice set fire to the barn where O'Byrne stabled them. At this point O'Byrne began having doubts as to the wisdom of keeping his pets. He shipped them off to

John O'Byrne and his team of trained elk on the corner of 10th and Curtis Street in Denver, 1891.

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Chicago where he also arrived after the holidays of December 1891. For two weeks they worked for a clothier there who advertised, "Santa Claus has concluded to stay the balance of the winter with us and sell F. M. Atwood's coats and suits."

Their next job was with a furrier. The wagon the elk pulled was decorated with assorted furs. Accompanying O'Byrne on the wagon was a Norwegian taxidermist. The first day out they passed a street brigade of about fifty men, who dipped their brooms into the slush and mud and slung it on the entire outfit.

"I had to struggle to keep that taxidermist from using his six-shooter on the boys," O'Byrne commented.

After a week with the furrier, O'Byrne offered his pets for sale through a newspaper ad, and sold them to Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show for $500 and his expenses from Chicago to Philadelphia.

In 1893 O'Byrne was in Streator, Illinois and saw the elk team on the billboards of the Hettie Bernard Chase Company, an opera group playing "Alaska." In the production the elk driven by an "Eskimo" pulled a sled across the stage.

O'Byrne found that the Chase company traveled by special train and decided to visit the elk, remarking, "I bet they will know me." But he was to be disappointed.

"They did not seem to notice their old master who raised them from little pets six months old and who used to think so much of them," O'Byrne said.

And this was the last O'Byrne ever saw of the trained elk team that had enabled him to boast, "I'm the only man who has ever driven a pair of trained elk through the world-famous Garden of the Gods near Colorado Springs!"

THE RIDDLE OF THE SECOND CLASS SALOON

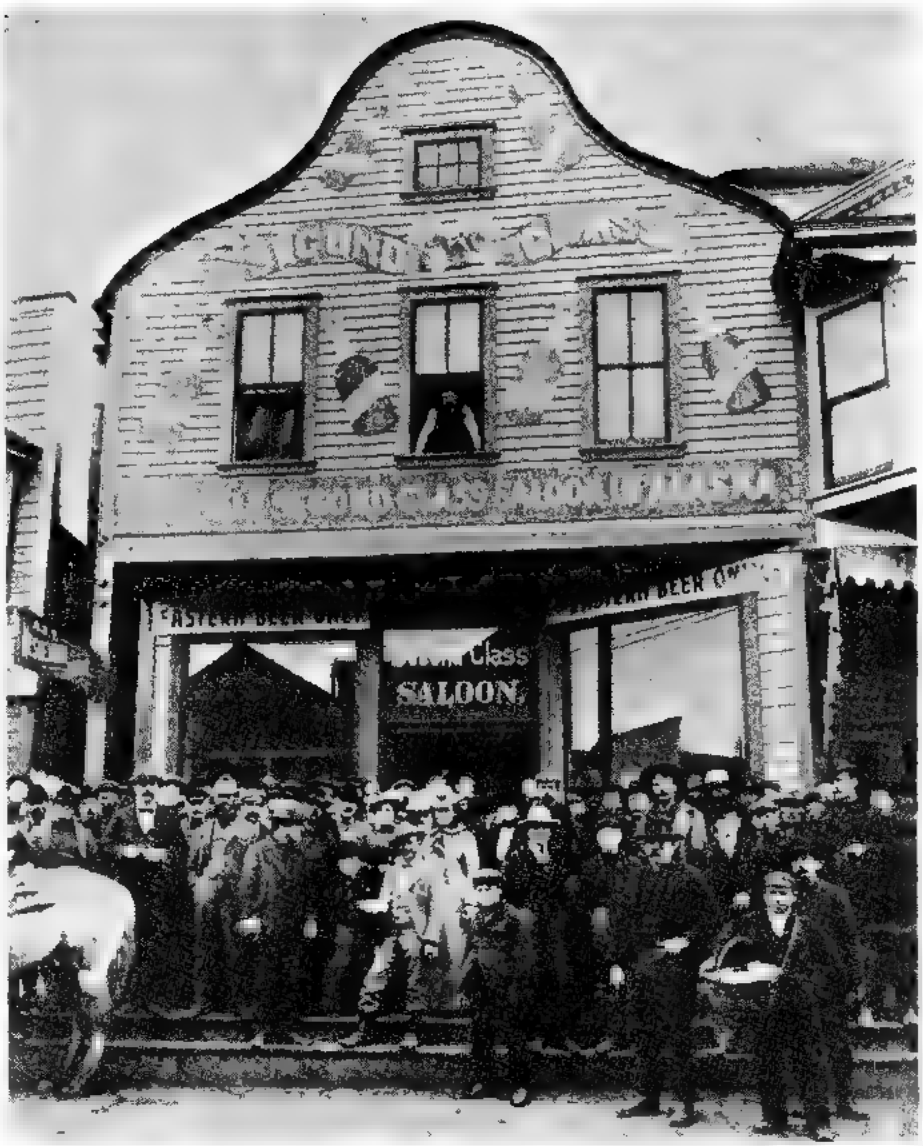
By Bob Royer

A LOT of saloons were billed as "first class" during Alaska's gold rush days, but apparently there was only one —named with pride—"The Second Class Saloon." Some say the Second Class Saloon was really the Dexter Saloon, which was located in Nome and was owned by Wyatt Earp for a time. But was it?

This picture was included in a collection of Alaska photographs taken by Eric Hegg, edited and compiled by Murray Morgan of Seattle into a collection entitled "One Man's Gold Rush." Hegg photographed the miners, the sourdoughs, the misfits—and the saloons of Alaska. Thus a picture in a library and a note in a book—"Wyatt Earp Owned the Only Second Class Saloon in Alaska." But did he?

In Frank Waters' *The Earp Brothers of Tombstone* Mrs. Virgil Earp relates that Wyatt listed his occupation as saloonkeeper in an 1881 Arizona census. Earp was connected with the Orient Saloon in Tombstone, and operated or owned others in San Diego; Tonopah, Nevada; in Idaho, and finally in Nome.

Earp was only in Alaska about four years, however, and it appears he was less than popular. The Dexter Saloon,



Courtesy Seattle Historical Society

Above, many of the local patrons gathered in front of the Second Class Saloon for this memorable shot. Below, a photo from Andrew's *Story of Alaska* showing the Second Class Saloon with a slightly different facade. Neither of the two photos is dated.

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which was named for the Dexter Corral in Tombstone which had stood on Allan Street across from the OK Corral, was not the scene of Earp's brightest days.

The Second Class Saloon did exist, and it had a place in history. At least we can know that much. Eric Hegg's negative of the photo in the Northwest Collection at the University of Washington, and a brief newspaper mention confirm it.

The *Alaska Sportsman* of September 1968 reprinted a news item dated Nome, September 13, 1905, which described the worst fire in the town's history. One paragraph read, "After burning the Alaska Saloon building and two or three adjacent structures, the fire jumped Front Street and soon both sides of the main thoroughfare were ablaze. In an easterly direction it took the Capitol, *Second Class* and Reception Saloons and the Imperial Cigar Store. It burned to Lane's Way and was stopped at the Alaska Telephone Company building. The buildings of the Wild Goose Mining Company were only scorched."

NO THIRD CHANCE

By Verna Linburg

I STOOD at the head of a long line of pupils, leaning against the blackboard and nervously fingering a dusty eraser. This was in a one-room schoolhouse and on the plains (Tahoka, Texas and ninety miles from a railroad).

We were standing in line for the spelling lesson. If you missed a word and the next pupil spelled it correctly, he took your place and you moved down to take his. This was called being turned down.

Spelling was always the very hardest lesson for me. To tell the truth, I was at the foot of the line most of the time. I had never managed to stay at the head of the line for a whole week and thus have the teacher paste a gold star in the back of my spelling book. This week, though, it did seem as if I really might get a star. I had been at the head of the spelling class line on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Not a word had I missed and now it was Friday. If I could only not miss a word today!

Unfortunately, Friday brought very cold weather and the cold made my ear ache. Mama filled a small sack with hot ashes and held it to my ear. I sat close to the warmth of the big kitchen range. Then I lay in bed with a warm stove lid wrapped in a towel pressed to the side of my head. Nothing helped; my ear still ached. If it didn't stop hurting, if I couldn't go to school, I would not get the gold star. The very thought brought tears to my eyes. "Let me go just for the spelling lesson," I begged.

At last Mama wrapped a red wool scarf about my head. She tied it securely under my chin and I set out across the white prairie, bending my head to the icy wind. How it did pull at my red fascinator and how far away the tiny schoolhouse looked as it perched on the distant horizon. But the great honor I was going to get would make my struggle worthwhile.

At school I explained to the teacher that I had to leave the minute my spelling lesson was finished. Indeed the cold had made my ear hurt so much I could not even take the red fascinator off my head. I made a funny sight as I stood with a big bow under my chin. Some of the pupils laughed, but I pretended not to hear.

Then came the testing period. I stood at the head of the line. The teacher gave out word after word and I spelled each correctly as it came my turn. In my mind the gold star was already gleaming in the back of my book. Everything was going fine until the teacher looked at me and said, "Grammar."

My heart skipped a beat, for I was not sure how to spell *that* word. I thought and thought while the room became very still, so still I could hear the wind pushing against the schoolhouse, and the clock on the wall ticking louder and louder. I must spell the word somehow; I could not stand here all day. So I said, "G-r-a-m-e-r."

The teacher looked at me and repeated, "Grammar." I had missed the word, I was given a second chance. Everybody always had a second chance. If I missed the word again, all would be lost. The room waited for me to make up my mind. At last I spelled, "G-r-a-m-m-e-r."

Horrors of horrors! The teacher turned to the next pupil and she was still saying, "Grammar." I had missed the word. Nobody ever had a third chance.

GRAMMAR was spelled many ways that day. The pupil beside me misspelled it, the pupil beside her did likewise, and the next next and the next. Suddenly I realized that if everybody missed it I would still be at the head; nobody would turn me down and I would still get a gold star. My spirits lifted for surely no one knew how to spell that word.

Finally there was only one pupil left to try to spell it. This was a girl who had stayed ahead only one week and who had just gone foot.

"Grammar," the teacher said to her. And plainly and firmly she replied, "G-r-a-m-m-a-r." Stepping out of line, my rival marched the entire length of the class and took her place at the head again. She had turned down everybody and I had lost the gold star.

While the rest of the pupils went back to their seats, I hurriedly went out the front door and started home. I was going to cry and I didn't want anybody to see me do it. Outside in the bitter cold it didn't matter. There was no one to hear me and I could be as miserable as I wanted to be. My world was full of woe —an aching ear and an aching heart. The wind caught my sobs and carried them across the bleak plain. Somehow, the nearer I came to home and to Mama, the louder I cried. By the time she opened

(Continued on page 46)

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DID THEY SHARE THE GOLLER TREASURE?

By JAN S. PAUL
Photo Courtesy Author

The old prospector didn't make anyone rich, but he left an "estate" of blind faith and hope to some people who had little of either . . .

ON THE southeastern face of the El Paso Mountains, northwest of the old gold town of Randsburg, California, is a canyon that carries the name Goler. It is named for John Goller who in the 1870s came out of the Panamints and Death Valley headed for civilization.

He was moving down through today's Owens Valley, having successfully found the pass between the Slate and Argus Ranges, when he found his way blocked by the low range called El Paso. Rather than make the detour eastward around the barrier, he elected to go through, and was nearly clear when he stopped to drink at a spring in a gulch. As he looked into the depths he saw golden flecks on the sand. Goller was out of food and so could not linger, but he panned enough gold to prove it really was there.

On the side of a hill beyond the canyon mouth he sat down and drew a contour map, the better to relocate his find; and to make sure he knew which hill was the right hill, he climbed to the top and drove his Spencer rifle, barrel first, into the ground. Then he headed southwest.

John Goller went back to the El Paso Mountains many times, but never again could he find the spring or the gold.

There were prospectors in the El Paso Range off and on over the years but it wasn't until the 1890s that gold in quantity and quality was discovered in the area, and the rush that would unlock the wealth of Goler Canyon was on. Most people agree that, considering the singular wealth discovered and removed from Goler Canyon, John Goller's lost bonanza has surely been found—but not necessarily in the heyday of the rich Rand District, as this area came to be called.

The Rand District went the full cycle from riches that stagger the imagination (over a million dollars in gold out of Goler Canyon and its gulches alone) to the fate of so many western mine areas, that of low-grade and set price, but the area has never really been abandoned. Prospectors and desert rats still take gold out of there—not a lot, not high grade, but enough to keep them going.

It was after the crash of '29 and into the hard times of the '30s that Goler Canyon and the El Pasos had their second birth. There are many people, in many places, who owe their lives to the lust for gold of men such as John Goller, who, with the tale of his lost spring, brought the influx of prospectors that eventually led to the big finds; and it is as likely that one of these "Depression prospectors" took out the gold Goller saw at the bottom of his spring as any of the earlier ones.

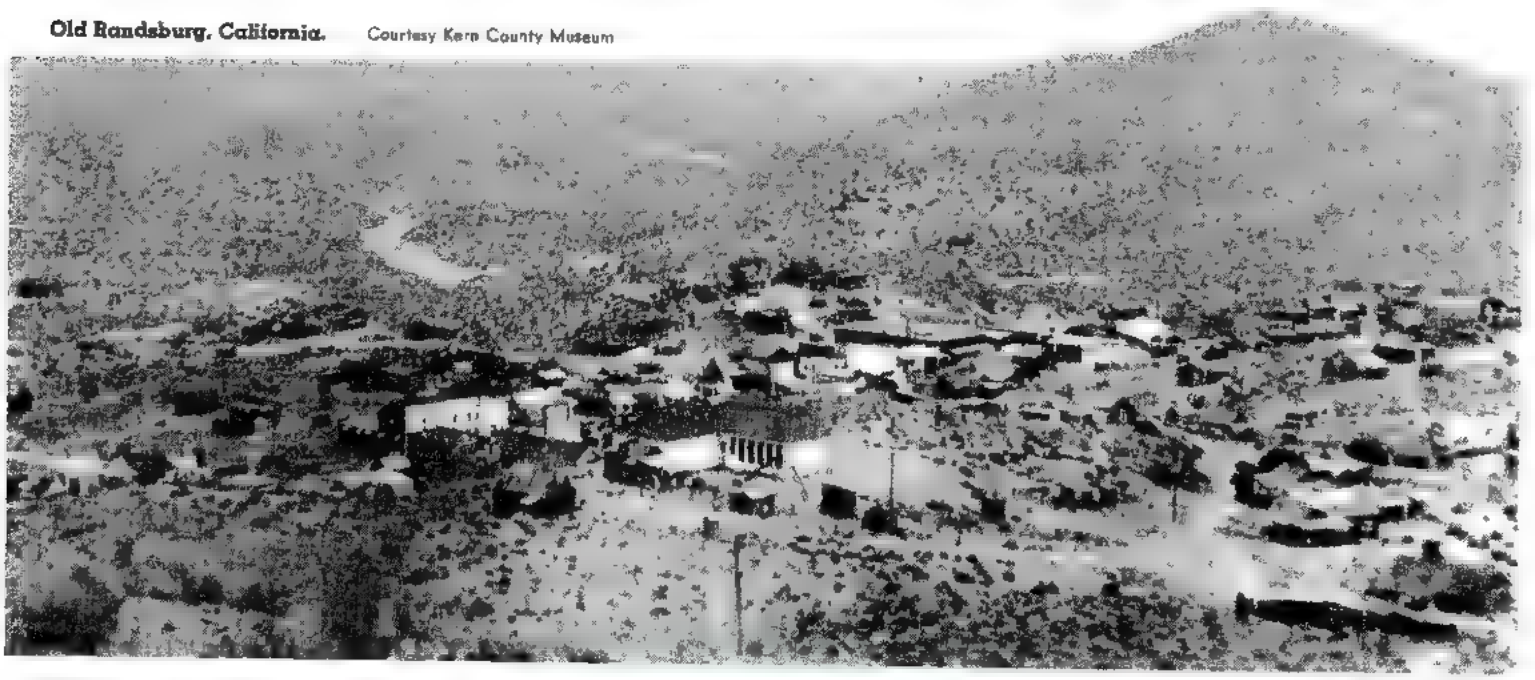
TODAY Adelia Argyle lives in West Covina, California, but back in 1929 she, her husband, and their three children were reluctant residents of Goler Canyon. Jobs were scarce, and as with people everywhere in the country, the Argyles worked at anything to keep their family, particularly the youngsters, fed. They were doing assessment work for the Monolith when they heard about Goler Canyon and the old gold diggings where, it was said, there was still gold if you knew how to get it; the Argyles thought they did. When the assessment work was over they moved into Goler Canyon, the first family to reactivate the old diggings. Before long others came and Goler Canyon became an inhabited, if not very prosperous, place.

The Argyles didn't find instant wealth; in fact, during the first weeks when gold completely eluded them, things were lean pickings indeed. At one point they were down to nothing but oatmeal, and not much of that. Mrs. Argyle rationed it out to the children for three days, while she and her husband subsisted on water. The couple never did get rich; actually the gold they found didn't begin to pay for the long hours of digging, shoveling, and dry washing. Still, although life was a series of ups and downs, they were always able to find enough of the yellow stuff to keep them from starvation. Besides, no matter how down on their luck they were, there was always someone worse off.

Even in their darkest days, the Argyles weren't as desperately poor as a family with six kids who lived up the canyon from them. Too proud to beg, they had eaten their dogs and were trying to live on desert tortoises when the others discovered how really in dire shape they

(Continued on page 47)

Old Randsburg, California. Courtesy Kern County Museum



Last of the Burromen— Seldom Seen Slim

(Continued from page 24)

slosh a pail over himself once in a while.

Hundreds of photographs were taken of the closed coffin that rested beside the adobe ruins. Parents posed their children by the sun-lit casket. Slim would have smiled at that. Among the crowd was Buck Johnson, the Duke of Muddy Waters, who came in from his mine in Nemo Canyon.

I was proud to be a pallbearer for my old friend Slim. The other five pallbearers were Norman A. Riggle, George Boon, George Clark, the late Ted Lang, and the late Cy Babcock. While we were carrying the brown casket to the hearse Ted Lang, who gripped the handle across from me, whispered, "Did you hear what Slim just said?"

I whispered back, "What did Slim say?"

"Here I am in this box and you boys out there are getting all the publicity!" Lang replied softly.

We six pallbearers walked silently behind the slow moving hearse to Boot Hill. There we lowered Seldom Seen Slim into the ground he loved so much. It was a sad farewell to a man all of us would miss. Slim once said, "Just bury me where the diggin' is easy."

So we buried the last of a vanishing breed in the suburbs of hell.

I Packed Al Morrow Out of the Superstitions

(Continued from page 18)

Daniel's mare came undone. Each time her feet hit the ground, her next jump became more violent. Choking clouds of dust were kicked up by the bucking mare.

We forgot our mission momentarily as we led the pack animals aside and watched the fun. We all whooped and yelled for Bill to ride it out. He was doing fine until the mare gave a lunge straight up. Somehow both of Bill's legs wound up on the same side of the saddle. When the mare came down with her front legs stiff, he bounced off into a pile of rocks.

Bill was not hurt very much, and became the object of many well intended jokes and comments from the rest of the group. He took it good-naturedly, even laughing a little himself. Finally when he was remounted we started on.

The trail soon left the creekbed and rose into the higher elevations. Now that the excitement was over, we all realized that the precious time we had spent watching Bill's rodeo might mean the difference between life and death to Al Morrow if he were trapped alive inside his mine without a fresh air supply. The men lapsed into an uneasy silence. We passed rocky mountain slopes, cliffs and strange rock formations that towered upward. I became impatient with the long trail ahead and kept wondering what we would find behind the cave-in inside Al's mine tunnel.

The Arizona sun was now high in the sky, beating down unmercifully. Looming to the south of us, I could see Weaver's Needle, a giant monolith of volcanic origin which could be seen for miles in all directions. Al's camp was northeast of this landmark.

I wondered how long Al had been in the tunnel before the cave-in was discovered. The urge to hurry kept prodding my mind. We seemed to crawl over the steep slopes at the base of Palomino Mountain and through Black Top Mountain Pass. The trail had never seemed as long before.

At last my thoughts were interrupted. We arrived at Al's camp shortly after noon. The oak trees provided pleasant shade after the hot ride. We unloaded the pack mules while Tom Phillips, the state mine inspector, went into the tunnel to examine the cave-in and determine whether there was danger of a second rock fall.

I LOOKED over Al's camp in an attempt to learn how long it had been since he was there. There was no sign that he had been in camp for several days. His set-up was simple—two canvas shelters which resembled a tent. His bedding was neatly rolled up in the portion of the two shelters in which he slept; the other section was used for cooking untensils and staple foods such as flour, coffee and canned goods. In front of this shelter was a small table to eat meals on, as well as a fireplace where Al usually built his cooking fire. The ashes were cold and at least three to four days old. I noticed water in the pail had a stale film on it.

Tom Phillips came out of the mine then and reported that the cave-in appeared to have been caused by the heavy rain which fell throughout most of Arizona over the Labor Day weekend. Ground moisture in Arizona dries very quickly and Tom said another cave-in was improbable at the present time.

We were soon digging with picks and shovels, clearing the debris that clogged the tunnel. As we worked I thought about my last visit with Al, about a month before. Inside I had flashed my light across the walls and ceiling of the tunnel revealing cracks here and there in the rocks. "Al," I had said, "I'm no expert on

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Inside Al Morrow's mine tunnel, showing the cave-in which completely blocked the passage.

mines, but this doesn't look safe to me. You had better do something about putting up some supports in here. If you don't I may be coming in here to dig you out someday."

He laughed and remarked that if his tunnel did cave in on him he would prefer to be left inside the mountain. "If I die in here, then the Lost Dutchman has beaten me just as it did the others who searched for it. I think it would be fitting for me to remain right here until Resurrrection Day."

It certainly did not appear that he had heeded my warning. There were still no visible supports of any kind. Digging through rock, even loose rocks, with picks and shovels is hard work. Some of the men hammered with picks to break up the larger rocks so the others could dig and carry them away with shovels. I took my turn at both tasks. We were soon soaked with perspiration and our muscles ached.

"I'll bet you fellows never expected you'd be digging for the Lost Dutchman," I joked, in an effort to ease the tensions of the backbreaking work.

"There are easier ways to make a living," Ray Martinez, another deputy, retorted. "And I'll bet a week's pay that we won't find one nugget."

"That sounds like a safe bet," I replied. I grinned at the other men as they rested a few minutes. "If Ray finds gold, he won't need his paycheck. Either way, he can't lose." This produced laughter from the worried men and brought about a more relaxed atmosphere.

We worked until night came, ate supper quickly—too tired to enjoy it—then spread our bedrolls on the ground and slept.

AS SOON AS breakfast was finished and daylight had filtered into the canyon, we resumed digging. More men rode in to help us. These were Al's friends who were filled with anxiety for his safety.

I was standing near the tunnel opening when I noticed a stench in the air. I recognized the stench of death. Suddenly I realized the odor was coming from a small side tunnel near the entrance to the main mine shaft. Al used this small tunnel to keep cartons of canned goods, beef jerky and other supplies stored for future use. I found that a huge rock, the size of a room, had fallen over the entrance to this supply tunnel. Underneath the boulder, barely visible, I could see a piece of Al's coat. I called the other men immediately.

"We'll have to dynamite through that." I remarked. I consulted Tom Phillips and we decided it could be done. The dynamite was carefully set so that only a small portion of the rock would be blasted away from the base of that immense boulder. The tunnel area was cleared of men and the dynamite was exploded.

When we were able to approach the boulder again, we found that several large chunks of rock had been blasted away from its base. We worked with crowbars, picks and shovels to clear away the dirt and wedged rocks. At last Al's body was free. He obviously had been crushed under the boulder and must have died instantly. It looked as though he were on his feet when the rock fell on him. He was holding a flashlight in one hand.

We were all silent for a few minutes, and my heart was heavy as I helped wrap Al up in canvas so we could take him out of the mountains on the back of a horse.

This was Al Morrow's last trip through the Superstitions, whose rugged slopes he loved so well. I brought him into these mountains and I took him out. He has left his mark upon them, but their golden secret is still held secure within these jagged, beautiful fortresses. The Lost Dutchman Mine remains lost. Call Al Morrow's fate an act of God, a will-o-the-wisp, or whatever you please, but Al would be the first to say, "The Lost Dutchman won this round."

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Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 40)

the yard gate, I was really wailing.

Mama took me into her arms, red fasinator and all, which was just what I wanted. "Child, child, what's the matter? Is your earache worse?"

"Oh, Mama," I sobbed, "I missed the word. I couldn't spell 'grammar.' I didn't get the gold star."

"Well! Well, now!" Mama soothed. "And can you spell the word now?"

"Oh, yes! I'll *never* forget *that* word."

"Good. That's better than getting any old gold star," Mama said. "To learn anything so well you'll never forget it is *much* better."

I knew Mama was wrong, dead wrong. I sat in the kitchen, close to the fire, and cried and cried for the prize I'd lost. But I didn't forget how to spell grammar, not for a minute. A long time afterward I came to know what Mama was trying to tell me that day, and why she was right. I came to understand that we learn by our mistakes.

I never became an excellent speller. I could never have won a trip to Washington for being the best speller in my district of my state. It was better that I met defeat early, and that instead of a gold star I had added *one* word to my vocabulary which would never trip me up again.

Gallows on the Treeless Plains

(Continued from page 25)

fate of Fred Dininny and that his bones, rising from the grave, should be the means of sealing his own doom."

John Gay made a confession in which he stated that on July 5 he was working for Burton and went to the house and asked where Dininny was. John was shown the body of the victim, not yet dead, and that night helped his father drop the body into a well. The following night they removed the corpse and buried it in an isolated ravine. The statement led to the arrest of William Gay, and he gave the sheriff and county attorney a story about the location of the body that was pure fiction. Thus, it remained for Burton to point out the burial spot.

The final inquest and examination established that murder had been committed for a $50 bank draft and the small amount of property that Fred Dininny owned. The coroner's jury, on January 13, brought in the following verdict: "Fred Dininny came to his death unlawfully and feloniously by means of a blow, or blows, upon the head by a blunt instrument in the hands of William Gay and that J. G. Burton and John Gay were accessories before the fact."

The Russell *Record* continued: "With a view of learning the drift of public sentiment and how the verdict was received we mingled among those parties as much as possible, listening to their conversation. The verdict seemed to meet general approval, and it appeared as if the excitement was dying down. Scarcely any threats or talk of violence was heard and the impression formed that no attempt would be made to interfere with the regular operations of the law. The crowd at the post office at 9 a.m. was about as usual, no excitement and nothing to indicate that the shadow of a dark tragedy was even then hanging over the city."

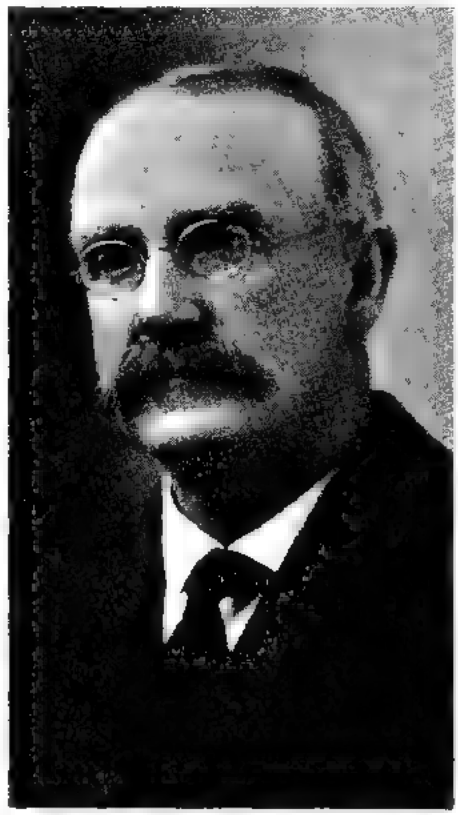
SOMETIME later that night a group of unidentified citizens broke into the jail and removed the prisoners. When Sunday morning dawned news came that the three were hanging from the trestle. William and John Gay had died because of the ropes around their neck but Burton's executioners had done a poor job of hanging and he had been shot twice to finish him off.

The editor noted that a sizeable crowd gathered and he was appalled that it included women and children and that many of the residents who arrived on the scene seemed to be filled with a festive spirit. He wrote: "The sacred associations of the day, the bodies of the wretched men dangling in the air whose souls had been so hurriedly sent to their account with all their imperfections on their heads, the clanging of the church bells calling pious people to the house of prayer did not appear to produce one serious, solemn thought among that party of spectators."

Eventually someone got around to cutting down the bodies and another inquest was held. Again the verdict was that the killings were "unlawful and felonious." This time the killers were "persons unknown" and although another felony had been committed there seemed to be a common tendency to chalk up the lynching as just retribution. William and John Gay were buried in the paupers' section of the local cemetery; Burton's brothers bought a plot for him but were reluctant to pay

Sheriff F. S. Rockefeller led the party which found the body.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society Topeka



for his coffin.' Editorial sympathy was expressed for Mrs. Gay, wife and mother, under the circumstances. The original murder victim, Fred Dininny, was buried at approximately the same time.

Despite the protestations of the Russell *Record*, its headlines centered on the retribution theme, stating that the murderers had met the fate "they so richly deserved." The editor was apparently torn between two philosophies at the time of the lynching. When other newspapers in western Kansas were critical of the Russellites, the *Record* rose to the community's defense. There were those who remained appalled by the summary justice, and the governor of Kansas offered a reward for information leading to the identification of the lynchers. However, the secret remained a well kept one and the photographs offer mute testimony as to what took place. It was a settled time but men of violence were still on hand.

Did They Share the Goller Treasure?

(Continued from page 41)

were. To head off a recurrence of such incidents, community hunts were organized when all the men would go after rabbit or quail. The "bag" was divided among all the families, whether everyone had had ammunition and participated actively in the hunt or not.

IT TOOK most of the daylight hours of adults to separate enough gold from the rocks and junk to keep things going, so youngsters were left pretty much to their own devices. They were canny kids but every once in a while they'd get in trouble. The youngest Argyle boy once was missing for seven hours. Everyone in the canyon was looking for him, and as time passed they were more and more certain he must have fallen down a shaft. He was in an old mine, all right, but he hadn't fallen nor was he hurt. He was simply detained by a "guard," a big rattlesnake that had coiled up in the entrance of the mine to enjoy the sun and had blocked the boy's exit.

When jobs in the city opened up, everyone left Goler Canyon and the hard life there, but the place is not forgotten. The El Paso Mountains are a favorite haunt of week-end prospectors, and not all of the miners of '29 are gone for good. The Argyles still have claims staked in Goler Canyon, and when they get to feeling hemmed-in in the city—or just have a yen for the vast open places—they return to the diggings in Goler Canyon. Goller's gold, in those lean Depression years, kept their family together, kept them from starvation, and provided many an honest day's work when work of any kind was very hard to come by.

Somehow there is a twisted irony in the fact that John Goller lost his gold because, out of food, he could not linger long enough to get it out; yet in his very canyon in those dark days of economic distress, when people in the "outside" world were starving, those who took refuge in Goler Canyon were able, by sharing the old prospector's treasure, to keep themselves alive.

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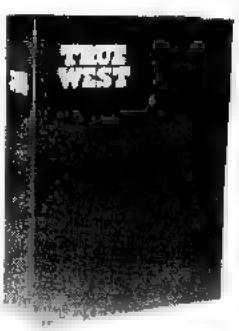

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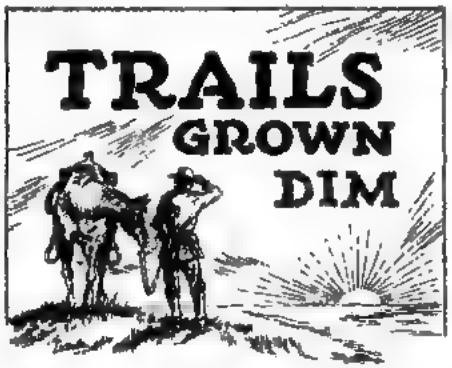

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Old Jones Bible

I have in my possession an old family Bible—no cover, several pages missing, and yellowed with time. This Bible was among the effects of my wife's grandmother who passed away at age ninety-three a few years ago. On the pages provided for events is the marriage date of S. E. Jones of Franklin County, Indiana to Syrena Lucas of Peter Cooper, Brown County, Indiana—August 22, 1875. They were evidently the original owners of the Bible. Also listed are seven offspring.

There's a death certificate of Syrena Jones, who died in Ft. Worth on December 27, 1891. Some of the offspring were born and died in Arkansas. No death entry was made for Elsie Ambrosia Jones or R. A. L. Jones who would now be ninety-six and ninety years of age respectively.

I would be pleased to give this old Bible to any survivor of S. E. Jones, Elsie Ambrosia Jones or R. A. L. Jones. —W. W. Ludwick, 6713 Stroud Drive, Houston, Texas 77036

Mix

My grandmother, Ann Eliza Mix, was born in Auburn, New York April 18, 1832. She was the daughter of Charles K. Mix and Sally Warriner. Her half-brother, John W. Mix, was six years older, being born June 26, 1826. As a young man he went West to seek his fortune and was never heard from again. Would like to hear from anyone connected with the name Mix.—Mrs. Ruth Rocheleau, Min Ari Court #5, Route 5, Apache Junction, Arizona 85220

Marlin

I am trying to locate where my grandfather and his family lived. Also would like to hear from anyone who might have known them. James Marlin was a full-blood Yaqui Indian and his father was a chief—but I do not know his name. James married Molly O'Hara from County Cork, Ireland. They had a place near Amarillo, Texas.

They had a big family. A boy, Mikey, died in 1902, age unknown. Viola died in 1918. There was also Erma, Caroline, Margaret, Harold, Norman, Francis, and my dad Charles. He had a twin sister who may have been named Charlene but it could have been Caroline. Does anyone know? The twin sister died and was buried in China, as she and Dad were traveling around the world.

James Marlin was killed when he was eighty-six years old when a horse reared over on him in 1912. Grandmother Molly died in 1918, probably in the flu epidemic. My dad joined the Navy and served in the submarine service in World War I. He said when he came home his family had all died in the flu epidemic. Dad told me he once rode a horse from Texas to the Panama Canal and back. He didn't talk much about his family and he was accidentally electrocuted on June 8, 1946. If anyone knew him or his family before 1942 I would like to hear from them.—Don Marlin, 670 N. 250 West, American Fork, Utah 84003

Thomason

I would appreciate information concerning Jesse Thomason and Martha Jane Cantrell Thomason. Jesse was wounded in the Civil War and died in Macon, Georgia in 1864. He had a brother, Ben. They had a son James Homer and a daughter Emma who was born after Jesse died. The son was four years old and was born in Dallas, Paulding County, Georgia. Martha lived in Georgia or Alabama after Jesse died and married a Mr. Grace. They had a son Robert and a daughter Martha. There was a cousin of James Homer and Emma, a Mrs. Hayden Davis, living in Thomasonville [Thomasville?], Georgia. I would like to know births, marriages, deaths and burial places of the above people. Also, who were Jesse's and Martha's parents?—Ethel Jensen, 130 South 7th, Montpelier, Idaho 92354

Loman

My great-grandfather, Upton Loman, was born in Marion County, Virginia, March 1830 and from there migrated to Vermillion County, Illinois. He came to La Grange, Texas in 1846 and was a private in Captain Highsmith's Company, First Regiment of Texas Volunteers. He was a Texas Ranger and Mexican War veteran.

He first married Mary Rabb of La Grange. Two daughters, Fanny and Jennie, were born in this union. After Mary's death he married Lavina Ellen Ross, also of La Grange, in 1859. Four children were born to this marriage: Thomas Isiah, April 3, 1861; Mary Louise, April 1, 1863; Upton Ross, June 21, 1865; and George T., June 1, 1868. He once owned large ranching interests in Karnes County, near the old town of Helena. I would appreciate any information on the above mentioned persons.—Gordon B. Mitchell, 14831 Imperial Valley Ct., Houston, Texas 77037

Martin

Frank Melvin Martin married Grace Ella Hart February 16, 1901. They were attending college in Cleveland, Ohio, both in their early twenties. She became a schoolteacher and he an electrical engineer. He also worked in the juvenile section of the police department in Cleveland. Later he went to work in Edison's Electrical Works in Redondo Beach. By then two sons had been born. One died in 1903 of pneumonia at age three months and the other child was my father-in-law, John Francis Martin. Frank returned to Cleveland. He supposedly was born April 1, 1875 in Decatur, Illinois. His folks were Francis Melvin Martin and Jennie Stenett. Information would be greatly appreciated.—Mrs. Donald Martin, 735 Robinson Avenue, San Diego, California 92103

Cokeley

I would like to contact anyone who is related to or has knowledge of the Cokeley family. J. William H. Cokeley was born in Virginia, possibly Rockingham County, in 1800 and married Mrs. Nancy Ann Beckley there in 1828. In 1833 John Wesley was born in Brown County, Indiana. Later Samuel, Joel and Nancy Ann were born in Illinois. They later moved to Iowa.

The grandson of J. William H. Cokeley, John Wesley Cokeley, was a law officer in "G" or Custer County, Oklahoma from 1896 to 1916. Who were J. William H. Cokeley's father and brothers? Was he related to Edmund, Benjamin E., or John Wesley who served from Virginia in the American Revolutionary War?—Orvel M. Cokeley, Box 729, Homeland, California 92348

Hart

Thomas Hart, eldest son of David Hart I and Susanna Nunn, married Mrs. Cross of Anderson County, Tennessee. Nine children were born: Edwin, John Umstead, Joseph, David II, Elizabeth, Nancy Caroline, Eveline, Emaline and Mary Ann Hart.

My great-grandparents were David Hart II and Nancy Bruce. They had fourteen children. One daughter, Margaret Catherine, my grandmother, married John Johnson Lord. David Hart II and family migrated to California between 1855 and 1857. They are buried in the Mariposa County Cemetery, Mariposa, California. I would appreciate any information regarding the Hart families from Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee. Would like to contact relatives of Mrs. Sarah S. Young who wrote "Narrative Geneology of the Hart Family" in 1881.—M. L. Hopman, Box 7, Westwood, California 96137

McDowell

I would like to correspond with anyone having any information about my great-great-grandfather, his descendants or ancestors. He was James McDowell, born in Scotland, and he came to the United States with three brothers before the Revolution. They landed in Pennsylvania. James then went to Virginia and on to Illinois. About 1800 he

(Continued on page 72)

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Hawikuh

(Continued from page 27)

that Hawikuh would be defended against the intruders.

Hawikuh was not made of gold and jewels, but it was strong—a continuous apartment house of stone, enclosed by a stone wall. It was two to four stories high, five in the middle, and had no doors. The upper levels could be reached only through trapdoors on the roof, and the others by ladders, pulled up from one floor to the next.

Warriors from all the villages of Cibola had gathered to protect Hawikuh. They filled the rooms of the houses and lined the roofs and balconies, where they had stones and arrows to hurl down on anyone who tried to ascend a ladder. Several hundred, wearing leather shields and armed with bows and arrows and war clubs, were stationed outside the walled village. As the Spaniards advanced, the Indians blew a horn and made signs that the strangers should go back where they came from.

Coronado tried to explain through interpreters that the Spaniards had come in friendship, "but being a proud people, they were little affected," he said later. When the Cibolans made a rush on the Spaniards, Coronado restrained his soldiers with much difficulty. Then the warriors grew bolder and came almost to the heels of the horses to shoot their arrows. It was time for action.

Coronado got the approval of the two priests in his company, and the Santiago, traditional Spanish battle cry to St. James, rang out for the first time in the Southwest. "The hunger which we suffered would not permit delay," the general apologized in his post-battle report.

Coronado deployed his soldiers to surround the pueblo on all sides. The Spaniards were tired from the long travel, the musketeers so weak from hunger that they could scarcely stand, and the crossbowmen broke all the strings for their bows. Coronado's crested helmet and gilded armor made him a conspicuous target and twice he was felled by stones as he tried to reach the first terrace by a ladder. Though two officers tried to protect him with their bodies, he was struck again and again, and finally carried away unconscious with many bruises and an arrow in his foot.

But the superior Spanish arms prevailed, and the Indians finally gave the sign that they wanted no more fighting and wished to withdraw from Hawikuh. The Spaniards gave no pursuit; food and rest were all they wanted. The siege of Hawikuh on July 7, 1540, which nearly cost Coronado his life, was the first of the many conflicts between Indians and white men which bloodied the history of the Southwest for 350 years. It was a conquest which was to stamp that region with the still-indelible influence of Spanish language and culture.

When the fighting ceased, the Indians moved out and the Spaniards occupied Hawikuh, feasting on the storehouses of food. "God knows how frugally we had lived and whether we could have eaten more than we consumed that day," said one of the soldiers. "There we found something we prized more than gold or silver; namely, plentiful maize and beans, turkeys larger than those in Mexico, and salt better and whiter than I have ever seen in my whole life."

CORONADO rested for several days and then went about winning the friendship of the Indians, holding conferences with the village chiefs. They exchanged gifts with mutual satisfaction, and the Indians told about prophecies that had foretold they would someday be conquered by white men from the south. After several peace-making overtures by Coronado, the natives returned to their homes, and though Hawikuh would never again be the same undisturbed Indian pueblo, normal activities were resumed.

Still sore from his bruises Coronado wrote his first report nearly a month later to the viceroy in Mexico City, telling him about the land and people he had claimed for Spain. He explained that Fray Marcos, who had guided the army to Cibola and then beat a hasty retreat home with the first return couriers, "has not told the truth in a word he said . . . except the name of the city and the large stone houses. For although they are not decorated with turquoises, nevertheless they are good houses." He explained that Hawikuh had 200 houses within the wall and other houses outside the wall, enough to accommodate 500 families—an estimate that tallied pretty closely with the results of early 20th century archeological excavations on the site.

Besides Hawikuh, six other villages made up the kingdom of Cibola, but the remnants of only five—Kechipauan, Kwakima, Matsaki, Kiakima, and Halona, site of modern Zuni Pueblo—have ever been identified.

"The people are fairly large and seem to me to be quite intelligent . . . well-formed and comely," Coronado wrote, and added that although they did not raise cotton they wore woven cotton garments in summer and clothing made from animal skins in cold weather. Their foods included maize, grown in great abundance under irrigation, beans, and wild game. Turkeys were domesticated for their feathers, which were used in religious ceremonies.

"They have the best method and apparatus for grinding corn I have ever seen, and one of these Indian women will grind as much corn as four Mexicans," Coronado said. "They make the best tortillas (corn cakes) I have seen anywhere."

Coronado did not understand the complex social and religious organization, which still dominates the customs of the modern Zunis, but he had some observations. He noted that each village had a chief governing official, but he lived democratically among the people and had no separate, grand house; that the native religion was based on reverence for natu-

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Ruins of Hawikuh, largest of Coronado's Seven Cities of Cibola, occupy a high point of land above the Zuni River in western New Mexico, 12 miles southwest of the modern Zuni Indian pueblo.

ral forces, particularly those affecting agriculture; and that the Indians loved their women "better than themselves." Their society was traditionally matrilinear, with property rights passing from mother to daughter or other female relative.

With his letter to the viceroy, Coronado included a map of his route to Cibola, a diagram of the pueblos, and two paintings of the animals of the region, drawn by the chief of Hawikuh. He also sent samples of clothing, some skins, turquoises, turquoise earrings, combs, weapons, and arrows with bone points, "the like of which have never been seen before." Such were the treasures of Cibola!

Coronado sent out his officers to explore the new land, but he remained at Hawikuh with the major part of his army until the fall of 1540. Then he moved on east to the Rio Grande Indian pueblos and to Pecos Pueblo, whose ruins are now a national monument, twenty-five miles southeast of Santa Fe. From there he set out on the fruitless search for the mythical golden Quivira on the plains of Kansas.

Tired and sick, his dreams of glory shattered, he stopped again at Hawikuh in April 1542 before starting on the return march to Mexico. The Indians invited, even begged, some of the Spaniards to stay with them, and a few Mexican servants and mestizos (mixed-bloods) remained and were adopted into the pueblo. "There must be fine interpreters there now," Coronado remarked later in Mexico.

He was right. The next expedition, led by Don Antonio Espejo in 1582, had help in communications from three Christian Indians still living at Hawikuh. Perhaps their better understanding of the native language influenced the change of name from "Cibola" to "Zuni" in the Espejo reports. At any rate, from that time on the Indians were called Zunis, believed to be the Spanish interpretation of the native name, "Shiwona."

ESPEJO was welcomed warmly at Hawikuh, and so was Don Juan de Onate, colonizer and first Spanish governor of New Mexico, who arrived in a snowstorm on November 1, 1598, and made return visits in 1604 and 1605 on his way to the discovery of the Gulf of California. "They are a very amiable people," said Onate.

Since priests had accompanied all the Spanish expeditions, the Indians of Hawikuh may have had some earlier exposure to Christianity but they had no resident missionary until 1629. In June of that year, Fray Roque de Figueredo, two assistants, and a lay religious brother were greeted with "festive applause, a thing never heard of before in this region."

The beginnings were highly favorable for success. Fray Roque and his helpers learned the native language readily and organized a choir. They directed the construction of a large church, dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, and a monastery of adobe—the first use of mud bricks for building in the Zuni villages. But after most of the Indians had been converted, the native religious leaders provoked a revolt. That's a matter of record but the fate of Fray Roque and his helpers is not.

Three years later, Fray Francisco Letrado, a veteran of ten years' missionary service with other Pueblo Indian tribes, requested an assignment to Hawikuh. On the morning of February 22, 1632, the Indians were slow in coming to the church for mass. Fray Letrado went outdoors to hurry them up, and seeing a passing group of unbaptized Indians, he scolded them, "You should be coming, too."

Angered, they turned on Fray Letrado and killed him. A carved message on Inscription Rock in El Morro National Monument, twenty-five miles east of Zuni Pueblo, says that soldiers came to avenge the slaying of Fray Letrado. But how they punished the Indians is unknown—and so is the history of Hawikuh for the next forty years.

Disaster struck from another quarter on October 7, 1672, when Apaches raided Hawikuh, burned the church and part of the pueblo, and killed the resident priest, Fray Pedro de Avila y Ayala by crush-

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ing his head with the bell from the mission tower.

It is doubtful that Hawikuh was ever fully occupied after the Apache raid, and it was abandoned in 1680 when the Zunis joined other Pueblo tribes in driving out the Spanish colonists. Fearing reprisal, the Zunis took refuge on the top of their sacred ancestral Towayalane (Corn Mountain), a sandstone mesa which rises 1,000 feet above the valley, three miles east of Zuni Pueblo.

That's where the re-Conquistador Don Diego de Vargas found the Zuni Indians in 1692, when he climbed Towayalane and persuaded them to come down and reestablish homes in the valley. Most of them settled around the ancient village of Halona, site of modern Zuni Pueblo, where the majority of the nearly 6,000-member tribe live today.

For more than two centuries weather eroded, and wind-borne sand filled the roofless remains of Hawikuh. Then, during 1917-23, the ruins were excavated by the Smithsonian Institution and the Museum of the American Indian, exposing a pueblo with 370 rooms and stone walls still standing, some 15 feet high. The expedition uncovered the low walls, foundations, and altar of the Immaculate Conception mission church and its adjoining adobe monastery, and some curiosities such as a snake pit where the Indians kept vipers for the venom to poison arrows against their enemies. Thousands of artifacts were recovered for museum exhibits from the site which archeologists said had been occupied since 900 by the ancestors of the modern Zunis.

When the archeological study was completed, the ruins of Hawikuh were covered to preserve them from weathering. But they may be re-excavated and protected as a national monument if the Zuni Indians have their way. The Zunis, one of the most progressive Southwestern tribes, have embarked on a five-year plan for economic development, which includes promotion of the tourist potential of their 440,000-acre reservation. One proposal is the creation of a national monument at Hawikuh, where the modern history of the Southwest began with the conquest of an ancient Indian civilization.

The Lone Ranger

(Continued from page 14)

series. Striker's only knowledge of the Old West derived from stories told by a relative. His great-uncle had served drinks in a Nevada bar, thereby conversing with such great story tellers as Mark Twain and Bret Harte. With these recollections in mind—along with a great imagination—Striker began writing Lone Ranger stories for radio. When the program's popularity increased, Striker began writing comic strips, and these and a total of twelve novels would keep him busy with the Ranger for almost two decades.

The Lone Ranger was a little over six feet tall, weighed about 190 pounds, and had black hair. Remembering a radio series he had written about Robin Hood in which he had given the archer silver-tipped arrows, Striker decided silver bullets would be fine for his new character. Bullets of silver would signify they were not to be used wantonly. Suggestions were given by everyone on the staff, and Brace Beemer suggested silver horseshoes for the Ranger's horse. The name for the horse was, of course, Silver!

The first episode found the Lone Ranger indeed a cross between Zorro and Robin Hood, a laughing swashbuckler. Subduing outlaws after a fierce battle, he tied them up and rode off laughing about their defeat and coming arrest. The Lone Ranger's last words on that program were, "Come on, Silver, thataboy! Hi-yi-yi—ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Now cut loose and away!"

The first production met with mixed feelings from the staff, and revision followed revision until two main ones were left. Trendle didn't like the Lone Ranger's frivolity, and the staff thought he spoke too eloquently. A compromise was reached whereby the Ranger lost his spirit but kept his polished speech. The "Hi-yi-yi and away" yell did not seem quite right either. Perhaps a derivative of the English "Heigh-ho," the new sound became "Hi-yo, Silver, awa-aay!"

The "William Tell Overture" provided theme music from the very beginning. It remained so throughout the life of the radio production, into the movie version, and when the Lone Ranger became a television star it still identified him. No Lone Ranger fan can hear this classic without recalling the western hero of days gone by.

JIM JEWELL was the first director of the program and he wanted the best of everything for the show, especially the sound effects, which were so important to radio. Gunshots at first were created by simply hitting a cardboard box with a stick. Later the sound was perfected by a metal barrel's being struck by a rat trap. Silver's gallop was created by sink plungers plopping down on various surfaces for different terrain. The listener felt that he was right there on the scene—one could hear the wind, the man and animal breathing, the harness creaking and jangling. Yes, a radio fan could sometime "see" things far better than television could later "show" him. The sound effects department had a fantastic collection of simple devices to implant images in the radio audience's mind and they did their job well.

The classic fictional story of the Lone Ranger's "origin" has become a legend. It is the tale of a gallant survivor of an outlaw ambush who dedicates his life to bringing all wrongdoers to justice. The story went like this:

A patrol of six Texas Rangers, searching for the Butch Cavendish gang, was led into ambush by a renegade guide, and after a fierce battle all of them were left for dead.

That night, an Indian came upon the bodies; on examination, one Ranger appeared to be alive, though badly hurt. The Indian carried him to a nearby cave where he treated the wounds with all the skill and knowledge of his forefathers.

Three days and three nights the Indian stayed at the wounded Ranger's side; on the fourth day the Ranger awoke. Weak

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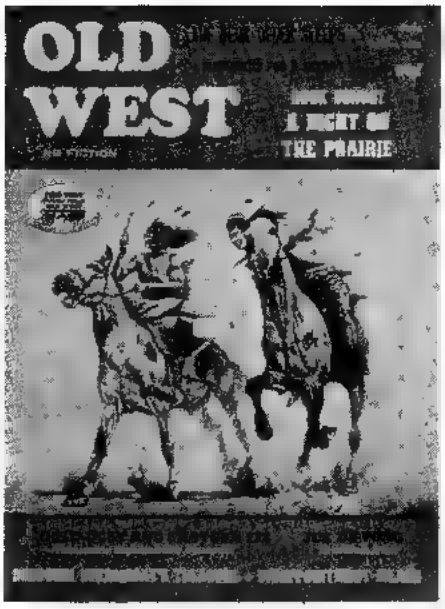

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and confused about the length of time he had been unconscious, he recognized the Indian as one whose life he had saved many years before when both were young boys.

"Your name is Tonto," said the Ranger, "and you called me 'Kemo Sabay'."

"You remember," replied Tonto. "That good. You still Kemo Sabay; it mean 'Faithful Friend'." (Some versions of the story translate it as "Trusty Scout.")

Realization of his situation seized the Ranger, and he told Tonto of his plight. The killers would know him by sight, and if they found he had escaped death they would hunt him and kill him.

Tonto replied that he had prepared six graves so that everyone would believe all the Rangers had died. The Ranger decided that his name would be forever buried with the Rangers, one of which was his brother, Captain Reid, the commander. Then to make sure his identity would never be learned, he resolved his face would be covered by a mask, a black mask which Tonto fashioned from the slain Captain's vest. Tonto vowed to remain at his friend's side in the fight against outlawry and at that moment set the theme when he said, "You only Ranger left now—you Lone Ranger."

During the battle that annihilated the group, Captain Reid had asked his younger brother (the Lone Ranger) to care for his wife and son (who were on their way to him from the East) if anything should happen to him. This young Reid had agreed to, and also to work the Captain's silver mine to support them. However, the captain's wife lost her life when the wagontrain she was in was attacked by Indians. The young son was cared for by an old lady, "Grandma Frisbe."

After years of searching, the Lone Ranger and Tonto located the boy, Dan Reid, just as the old lady's life came to an end. Young Reid joined his uncle and Tonto between school sessions back East. The silver mine was sufficient to support the youngster and to supply the Lone Ranger with the means to continue his fight against outlawry. (This, of course, explained the silver bullets and horseshoes!)

The name of the very first radio Lone Ranger has been practically lost by the passage of time. Reportedly his name was Deeds. After only six episodes Deeds was replaced by George Stenius, now known as George Seaton. Three months later the studio manager-narrator, Brace Beemer, replaced Stenius. Beemer retained the role for a few months and then quit the studio entirely to open an advertising agency. He relinquished the role to Earl W. Graser, the first Lone Ranger to stay for any length of time.

Unfortunately, while driving home through the outskirts of Detroit in the middle of April 1941, Graser's car crashed into a parked truck and he was killed instantly. Ten thousand people are said to have attended the funeral of the thirty-two-year-old actor. The $150 a week role was again open.

"Tonto" was John Todd, a small balding Irishman and former Shakespearean actor. The hard-riding Tonto was in his fifties when he began the role and near eighty when he performed in the last live broadcast. Todd had a special chair in the studio where the staff kept an eye on him in his later years. Many times he would nod off to sleep while waiting for his next line. There were times when the Lone Ranger (Brace Beemer) would read his lines, glance at Tonto and see him snoozing, and have to ad lib an answer to his own remark.

WHEN Grazer died, Todd carried the show while the Ranger in the story was wounded and "unconscious" for several days. Then the Lone Ranger began getting stronger but could only speak in a whisper. If you are an old Lone Ranger fan you may remember that his voice seemed deeper and more stern than it had before he was "wounded."

The new voice was that of Brace Beemer, who by then had given up his advertising agency and rejoined the Detroit station. The former star, Grazer, had been a chubby home gardener and badminton player who had never ridden a horse until a few months before his death. Beemer, on the other hand, would never disappoint the picture the radio role created of him. He was a big 6' 3½" athletic man who handled pistols and was a crack shot. Brace Beemer was born Brace Bell Beemer in 1903 at Mount Carmel, Illinois. Brace was a family name from his grandmother's side of the family, and Bell was for his grandfather, Judge Bell. Shortly after World War I began, Brace Beemer lied about his age and joined the army. He served with the Rainbow Division in France and became the youngest sergeant in the fight. He received many decorations and was wounded in action. Yes, he surely had lied about his age— he was fourteen!

After the war Beemer sang for a time and made records. In 1922 he began his radio career in Indianapolis, then joined WXYZ in 1932 as station manager and announcer. He became the most famous Lone Ranger of them all in 1941. After assuming the role of the Masked Man for the second time, Beemer played the part until the last live broadcast, number 2956, on September 3, 1954. Amazingly, the thirty-minute program was broadcast completely live three times a week—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—for more than twenty years.

During this period one of the greatest narrator-announcers, Fred Foy, joined WXYZ. His delivery of the new opening for the program will always be remembered by Lone Ranger fans: "With his faithful Indian companion, Tonto, the daring and resourceful Masked Rider of

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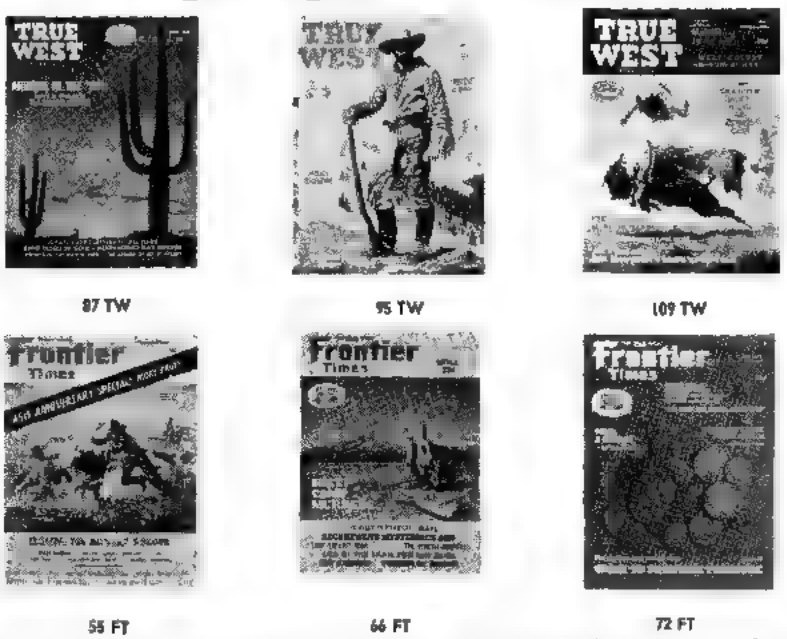

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Foy remained with the radio show until it left the air. He then became narrator for the television series. When the Lone Ranger productions came to an end on television too, Foy reportedly found it difficult to find work in his field. Everyone said he sounded too much like the Lone Ranger. He is now the announcer for the Dick Cavett show and does various network commercials.

AFTER the radio series went off the air, Brace Beemer slipped into relative oblivion. He had nothing to do with the movie or television Lone Ranger, but was planning on a new career associated with a Lone Ranger record he had made. On March 1, 1965, however, Beemer suffered a heart attack and died at his home.

Silver was in a nearby stable at the farm where Beemer and his wife Leta raised thoroughbred horses. The horse Silver was real, actually doubly so. While impersonated by sound effects for years on radio, the creator Trendle owned Silver, and Brace Beemer owned another white stallion, "Silver's Pride," which he preferred riding in rodeos and parades. To most people, of course, this was "Silver." A year after Beemer died his widow Leta suffered another loss when the great white horse had to be put to death. Mrs. Beemer loved the horse as much as her husband had, for she had personally groomed him, fed him, and cleaned his stall. She said, "He never made an ugly move." He was twenty-seven years old.

The fictional Silver also has his own origin story. He was a wild stallion running free in Wild Horse Valley when the Lone Ranger first donned his mask. The great white horse ruled a horse herd of some twenty-odd swift mares and stallions. By their leader's craftiness the herd had managed to elude capture by the ever-present horse hunters, both white and Indian. While in pursuit of the Butch Cavendish gang the Lone Ranger and Tonto approached the valley a short distance behind the outlaws. Soon shots were exchanged and one of Cavendish's bullets cut down the Lone Ranger's gray horse (called simply "Pony-hoss" in the first novel "The Lone Ranger" by Gaylord Dubois). Cavendish would escape, possibly forever, if the Ranger could not obtain another horse.

Walking through the valley leading Tonto's "Scout" (no origin story concerning "Scout") the Lone Ranger and Tonto viewed a spectacular sight. A great white stallion and a giant buffalo were locked in a battle in which one would surely die. The horse put up a tremendous fight but the large, shaggy head of the buffalo was tearing crimson streaks in the beautiful white coat. The battle was about to end when the bull buffalo delivered a stunning blow that sent the stallion to the ground. Just before the horns were about to bring death, two sharp reports sounded from the guns of the Masked Rider of the Plains, and the giant lay kicking, his life ended.

Tending the wild horse's wounds and bringing him back to his feet the Ranger and Tonto prepared to continue their search for Cavendish. The Lone Ranger knew if the white horse would take the saddle he could surely regain the lead the outlaw had obtained. As the Ranger attempted to saddle the horse, the animal bolted and ran off, stopping a short distance away.

He made an impressive sight in the sunlight and the Masked Man said, "See how the sun reflects off his white coat!"

Tonto agreed, "Him shine like silver!"

"Silver! That would be a name for him," exclaimed the Ranger. "Silver, here Silver!"

The horse slowly approached his new master. And so began "a fiery horse with the speed of light, a cloud of dust and a hearty Hi-Yo Silver, Awa-aay!"

In 1938 Republic Pictures obtained the movie rights to the Lone Ranger. A fifteen-chapter serial entitled simply "The Lone Ranger" was made. The original story was changed by Republic scripters to create a new angle. They banded together five actors in a sort of "Guess Who" story of who was the real "reel" Lone Ranger. Lee Powell was the secret Lone Ranger, with Herman "Bruce Bennett" Bix (later to become one of the first Tarzans), Lane Chandler, Bob Stuart, and George Montgomery playing the other Texas Rangers suspected of being the Lone Ranger.

In 1939 a second serial, "The Lone Ranger Rides Again" was made, starring a well-known cowboy star of that period, Robert Livingston. Tonto was played by Victor Daniels (called Chief Thundercloud by the studios) in these serials as well as in a full length feature. "Hi-Yo, Silver," the last Lone Ranger film of that era.

Clayton Moore donned the mask for television's Lone Ranger in 1949. Chicago born, he left high school at fourteen to join a trapeze act. In the following years he dug ditches, mixed cement and became an Air Force corporal. Later he became a model and finally did some bits in "B" grade movies when he arrived in California in the late 1930s. Clips from the movies won him an audition as the Masked Rider. Moore was a good choice, as he was also a stuntman.

At the end of the first season's filming, the producers replaced Moore with John Hart, a taller and heavier Lone Ranger. Hart was unsuitable, however, and before half the second series was finished he was replaced by the returning Clayton Moore. Moore had made seventy-eight films prior to Hart's making an additional fifty-two. All told 166 half-hour films were made, but only the Moore ones are shown on syndication.

The new Tonto for television was Jay Silverheels, full-blooded Mohawk Indian born on the Six Nations Reservation in Ontario, Canada. In 1938 he went to California where comedy star Joe E. Brown encouraged him to take up acting. Silverheels had made approximately thirty motion pictures when he won an audition for the Lone Ranger series. The 6'1"

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Silverheels and 6'3" Moore made a very impressive looking Lone Ranger and Tonto.

In 1954 The Lone Ranger, Inc. was sold by the Campbell-Trendle Agency of Detroit to Texas oilman Jack L. Wrather for $3,000,000. One of the first projects of the new owner was a new motion picture entitled "The Lone Ranger," made by Warner Brothers studios in 1956. The half-million-dollar budgeted movie had a good script, exciting locations filmed in color, and a first-rate cast. As was the case in the very first Lone Ranger movie, the new work also inspired a sequel, and "The Lone Ranger and the Lost City of Gold" was filmed in 1958.

Since then, there have been no new Lone Ranger films. A Lone Ranger cartoon appeared on television briefly in the early 1960s but was a far cry from the earlier creation. The original television series is still shown throughout the world in syndication, however, and the radio shows sometimes enjoy new life as transcriptions are re-broadcast from time to time. Merchandising items involving the Lone Ranger are still popular, and the comic strips begun by Fran Striker in 1938 live on.

Twelve novels were written about the Masked Man, the first in 1936 by Gaylord Dubois, the rest by Francis H. Striker since 1938. Striker literally had something to do with all of the Lone Ranger productions in the early 1930s and 1940s. He wrote the scripts for the radio shows, did the comic strips, wrote the novels and, finally, edited and supervised the thirty episodes of the two movie serials. On September 4, 1962 Francis H. Striker, while driving to a newly-purchased home in Buffalo, New York was killed in a head-on automobile accident. He was fifty-nine years old.

Today Clayton Moore is the only "Lone Ranger" left. In the early 1960s he moved from Tarzana, California to Minneapolis, where he began selling real estate. He still made personal appearances regarding the Lone Ranger, however. When the 1960s came to an end California drew him back again and he now resides in suburban Hollywood.

It is rumored that plans are in the offing for a Lone Ranger television series in color to replace the old black and white films.

Jay Silverheels does television commercials and has also acted in major motion pictures since his Tonto portrayal.

George W. Trendle, the originator of it all, died May 9, 1972 at age eighty-seven.

A Prairie Town's Nameless Grave

(Continued from page 15)

what happened there so many years ago.

It all began in early 1888. A soft spring breeze was thawing an unusually deep blanket of snow on the Dakota plains, thus allowing railroad track crews to resume pushing rails westward through grassland already broken and seeded by homesteaders.

Towns were few, small, and of two types: the frontier villages ahead, eagerly awaiting arrival of the railroad, and the boom-and-bust towns springing up along the completed tracks to furnish the needs of drummers, Johnny-come-latelies and construction men. Elrod was one of the latter. Platted a year before, it scrabbled for a living beside the dreary stretch of right-of-way west of Watertown, Dakota Territory.

A temporary railroad section camp had been established near the new town, with a single, pseudo-permanent building affording quarters for those in charge of the mess-car. It was to that sagging, drafty sod shanty that an Ital-

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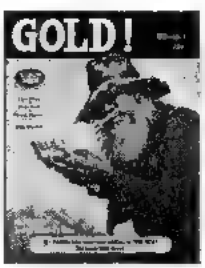

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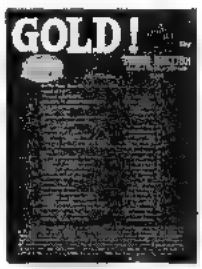

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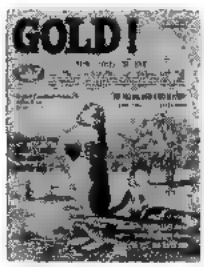

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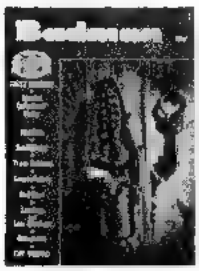

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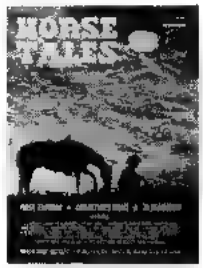

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The Little Fellow's grave near Elrod, South Dakota, showing its proximity to the railroad tracks.

ian couple—with their eleven-year-old son—migrated that spring, from the city where they'd been unable to find work.

At first the new home was strange and lonesome for the boy. His father and mother were busy in the kitchen from dawn to dark, there were no other children living nearby, and the little family had been too overloaded with necessities to bring playthings along. Then the boy discovered that he had the most fascinating toy of all—a real, whistling, wheezing, puffing, man-sized construction train—right in his own front yard. And with that grimy, rattling titan was Bill Chambers, the brakeman—a small boy's kind of man: cheerful and patient.

The two became inseparable, with the lad spending his days polishing glass and brass in the big, red caboose while Big Bill was busy with his desk work. Their friendship deepened to a warm and genuine thing until they were walking together every day so that Bill could teach the boy the names of prairie flowers and wildlife. The Little Fellow, as the trackmen called him, worshipped his big pal.

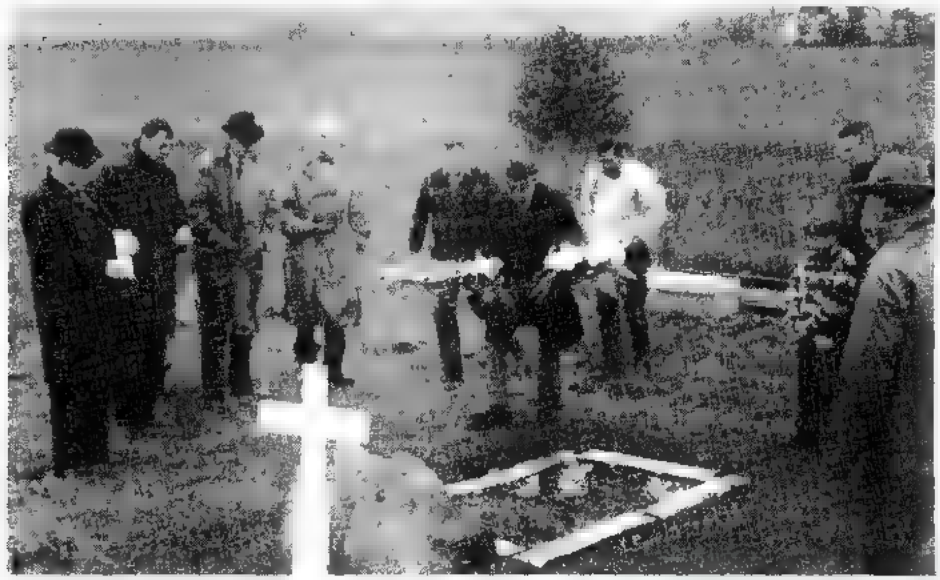
Then came the inevitable day when the construction train's work was finished, and the boy realized that he no longer would awake to the familiar shuffle of the engine, or to Big Bill's hearty shout. Sadness clouded his eyes that day, and as the train steamed away for the last time, tears welled up to blur his vision, and he ran out onto the prairie where his father found him sobbing at dark.

THE FOLLOWING morning a high fever and sore throat kept the boy in bed. No doctor was available in the area, so his parents nursed him as best they could. Their loving care notwithstanding, the little patient's temperature continued to rise and he complained that his head and throat ached. Then—during the second night—he died, not knowing that Big Bill was to return.

A few trackmen who had remained did their best to console the grieved parents. They constructed an humble coffin from the mess-car flooring, and prepared a small grave within the railroad right-of-way, close beside the tracks. The Little Fellow was buried on the exact spot where he had waited patient-

(Continued on page 60)

A few of the approximately 50 people who participated in services at the grave on a rainy Memorial Day, 1972. Muddy conditions forced everyone to park some one-half mile away and walk on foot to the gravesite. The service is conducted annually by the Rotary Club of Clark, South Dakota.



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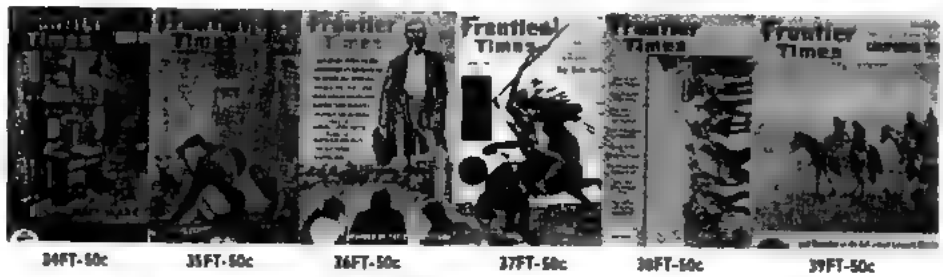
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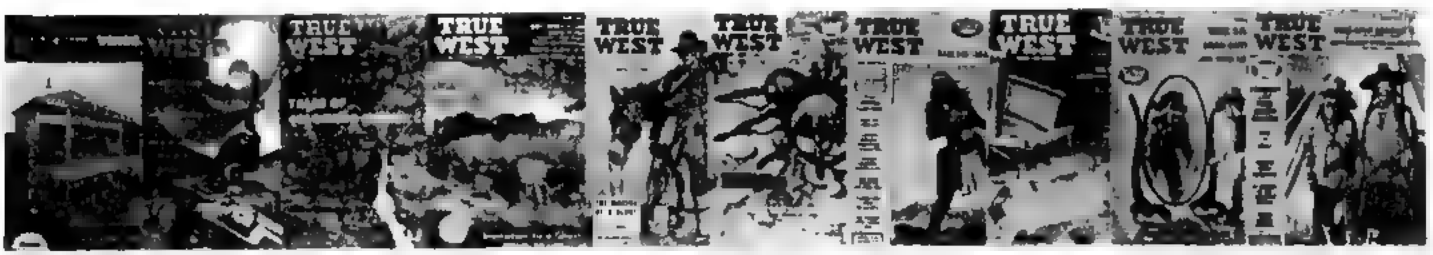

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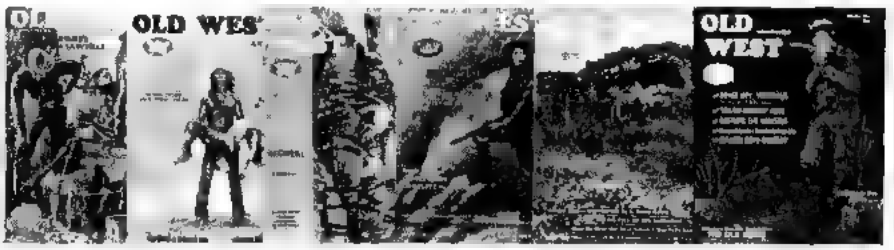

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ly so many mornings for the arrival of the work train and Big Bill. The fresh mound was patted down carefully; a crude cross was placed at its head.

Exactly a week later the first regular passenger train arrived in Elrod and stopped at the nearby abandoned construction camp. The first to hop down from the cars was, ironically, Big Bill Chambers. Unexpectedly he had been assigned as brakeman on the permanent run from Tracy, Minnesota to Dakota Territory.

Puzzled at not being greeted by a hail from his little friend, Bill walked to the makeshift shanty where he was met by the still-grieving father and mother. They related the sorrowful news, then led him to the trackside grave.

Before the train pulled out the bereaved parents told Bill that they must move on in search of work, and—like so many pioneers who buried their children on the Plains—abhorred the thought of leaving the grave alone and untended. The brakeman made a solemn promise that the grave would be cared for as long as he lived. And that promise was kept.

On Memorial Day, 1889 the passenger train slowed down to a stop beside the Little Fellow's grave. The entire crew followed Bill Chambers, then conductor on the 106 and 107, from the cars to a small mound where they all bowed their heads in prayer as the passengers watched in wonderment from the windows. Flowers were placed lovingly by Bill, the crew climbed aboard, and the train pulled on. That ceremony was led by Big Bill once a year for more than four decades, until his death in 1931. And even after he had fulfilled his promise, the ritual was continued by his son-in-law, Vincent Ford, who succeeded Bill as conductor.

As the years passed, annual orders were issued to the section foreman by division headquarters to mow the grass and prepare the gravesite for Memorial Day services. Eventually a large boulder was placed as a headstone, with a durable cross before it. One year the site was outlined with marble slabs. And the trains continued to make that unscheduled stop, even after Ford's death.

When passenger trains were discontinued, freight train crews conducted the memorial each May 30 until their train was limited to a bi-weekly run. Then the tradition was carried on by the Rotary Club of Clark, South Dakota, which —acting for the Chambers grandchildren—still commemorates the Little Fellow's death each year by placing a floral wreath of lilacs on the grave while a minister recites the story of Big Bill's dedication and loyalty.

So, at least one prairie grave is neither lost nor forgotten. Elrod's little pioneer grave, however, is the exception. Thousands of others lie, grass-covered and alone, beside frontier trails—unmarked and unknown—while as many more fade away in the solitude of neglected, unremembered country cemeteries. Only the never-ending prairie wind mourns their passing or knows where they lie.

Slummukh's Lost Mine

(Continued from page 29)

dangerously low, Jackson decided to give up the quest. He turned back.

The letter continued: "I climbed the top of a sharp ridge and looked down into a little valley or canyon. With difficulty I reached the creek lying in the Valley. I had only a prospector's pan, but I found colors immediately on the surface. I knew I had struck it rich. On going up the creek I came to a place where the bedrock was bare. Here I gathered up handfuls of gold, some pieces as big as walnuts. I sized up the creek. There were millions stored in it. Now the doctor has told me my heart is badly affected and I may drop any minute."

Jackson had enclosed a crude map, and advised Shotwell to take a stab at finding the valley, admonishing him not to give up as he would be rewarded "beyond his wildest dreams."

From all accounts, Shotwell, then well beyond his prime, made a search for the mine, accompanied by a younger man. But they found Jackson's map worthless; it was so poorly drawn it could not be followed with any degree of accuracy as all the mountains looked the same. Their trip was a complete failure. Later, a friend of Shotwell's searched for the mine but he, too, failed to find it.

IN 1912 Jackson's letter turned up in Seattle, and in summer 1915 three businessmen formed a syndicate to search for the lost valley. Hugh Murray of New Westminster was hired as a guide, with a share of anything found going to him.

Murray, who came to B.C. at the age of six (his father was among the first contingent of Royal Engineers who constructed the first wagon road into the Cariboo gold fields), was fully conversant with the history of the lost Golden Ears mine; even so, the expedition he led gave up after wandering dead-end gullies and larger valleys of the Pitt country for a couple of arduous months.

On the way out, stopping at an Indian encampment on the lakeside, they gathered evidence of the old Alaskan miner, Jackson, from an elderly woman. She recalled Jackson's stumbling into the camp in 1903 under a pack that was "hivu till" (very heavy). He was played out, she said, and suffering from a bad heart. The Indians nursed him, letting him rest until he became strong enough to travel. The aged woman said Jackson refused to let his heavy pack out of sight. Even when gravely ill he kept it beside him.

Old-time prospectors have no doubt that Jackson did find Slummukh's mine. It was claimed there was record of Jackson's depositing $8,700 in gold in the San Francisco branch of the Bank of British North America in 1903.

On the evening before Slummukh's hanging, a Dr. Hall, widely known New Westminster physician, visited the condemned man and attempted to elicit the secret of the mine's location, but Slummukh refused to divulge any information.

According to the *Geographical Gazeteer*, the Pitt River lake is fifty-two miles from its confluence with the Fraser, the lake itself being a deeper part of the river system lying between mountains and ballooning out for sixteen miles to a width varying from three-quarters of a mile to two-and-a-half miles. The lost mine is perhaps anywhere in this fifty-two mile stretch—even beyond—where uncharted mountain fastnesses prevail. Once the water is left behind, the terrain is honeycombed with a formidable maze of deep canyons where one could become lost for days.

The late Harry Hooper, pioneer Canadian airman who spent his boyhood in the Chilcotin area of the Cariboo and who was a personal friend of many Bella Coola Indians, claimed the lost mine is not anywhere near the Golden Ears, but is east and a little north of Stave Lake, a ten mile body of water east of Pitt Lake. Hooper flew over the whole Pitt country numerous times and described it as being criss-crossed with many deep draws and valleys in some of which "no man has ever set foot." Up until the day he died in 1961, Hooper maintained that gold hunters have been searching the wrong area.

For that matter, it may be that Slummukh didn't travel as far as he led people to believe; though it is fairly certain he paddled up Pitt River every time, and perhaps right into Pitt Lake. On several trips after leaving New Westminster he was back in a little over a week with more gold. This could mean he either covered a considerable distance quickly or—and this is more likely—traveled Indian style, leisurely and without haste, and didn't go far at all.

At the entrance to Pitt Lake, Coquitlam Mountain rises on the west. Early-day Indians had a trail over and across this to the Squamish Valley, forty or so miles north and west. Coquitlam Mountain is almost directly west of the Golden Ear range, with Pitt River and Pitt Lake between. Perhaps Slummukh could have hidden his canoe deep in the woods near Pitt Lake and walked up the Coquitlam Mountain trail.

Among men who prospect the mountain streams, few doubt that Slummukh's mine exists, but many doubt it will ever be found. They point out that watercourses change over the years, some streams disappearing into underground caverns. Is it possible that the small creek dries up in summer, leaving no trickle of water to locate it by and causing it to be passed up as just another dry gulch? Or is it perhaps somewhere on Coquitlam Mountain or along the dim trail to Squamish Valley? The vastness of the search area is staggering.

Lost Loot of Monterrey

(Continued from page 11)

bad as the Jornada de Muerte or Death Valley.

Would the outlaws have returned to the Davis Mountains area of Texas? It is hardly likely if they really had knocked off nearly a hundred soldiers. A train of the size they are supposed to have had would have been visible for miles in that country, and quite conspicuous. Remember El Muerto Springs was on the main road from San Antonio to El Paso and

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even then there was considerable traffic over the route. About this time the Southern Pacific was building like mad from both ends, and there were plenty of patrols from Ft. Davis to the springs only thirty miles away to see if the Indians were using them in raiding into Texas from Mexico. Waterholes controlled the country and the military kept a watchful eye on such spots. Tracks from supposedly stolen army mules would have really started something. So much for the Davis Mountains; now let's turn to Arizona and Skeleton Canyon.

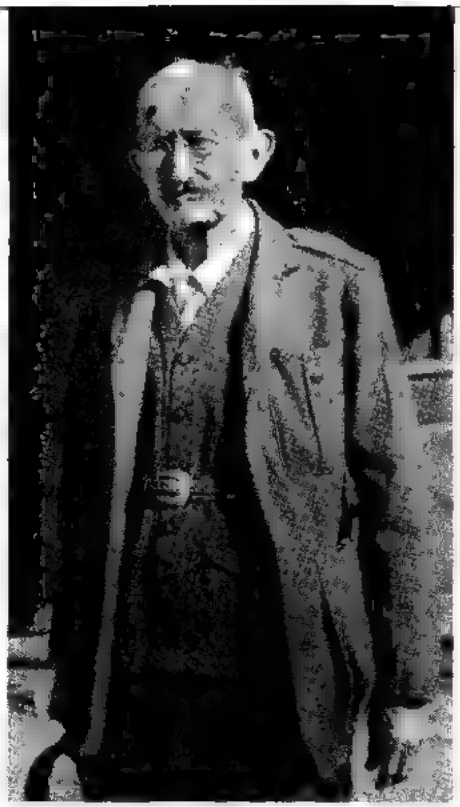
SKELETON CANYON is apparently a draw in the west side of the Peloncillo Mountains east of the town of Apache, Arizona, about half-way between there and Animas, New Mexico. It is very likely that Mexican traders and smugglers were traveling through this remote part who could not tell one side of the border from the other. Importing and exporting in those days was pretty informal. Practically no law existed beyond twenty miles or so of the nearest big town.

There was heavy trading over the trails from Chihuahua via San Antonio, but these convoys by private armed groups were not unlike military expeditions. They had to be strong enough to repel any hostile party (such as the Tombstone Gang) if one should come along. A hundred well armed men would have been needed to escort a wagontrain with a quarter of a million dollars to San Antonio and to guard the goods that would be brought back. There was no destination or route like that through the New Mexico and Arizona border country—nor that kind of commerce. Money had to be exchanged for goods, or goods had to be exchanged for money, for either to be carried through the country.

The only reason that Tombstone was settled was because of mining, and that operation was well guarded. Though things might have been rocky in the back country not too far away, Tombstone was a place to spend money, not get it.

The files of Tombstone newspapers hint at many robberies in that area, and there is a fair description of an ambush of some Mexicans in Skeleton Canyon, but loot of $90,000 and thirty-nine gold bars cannot be verified. Forty-odd years ago a resident of the Tombstone vicinity told author Burns that he personally heard the story from Jim Hughes, who is conceded to have been the leader of the ambush, and that it only amounted to $4,000 of which $1,400 was in silver pesos and the rest in bulk gold. The gang sold and spent the whole take in one big carouse in Tombstone and Galeyville. My informant said, "There were only six: Jim Hughes, Milt Hicks, Jack McKenzie, Ike and Billy Clanton, and another fellow. Zwing Hunt and Billy Grounds were not within fifty miles of that fight. This bunch buried nothing in Skeleton Canyon."

This same man said that Zwing Hunt and Billy Grounds were never in Mexico and that if this gang had been so slick in a raid at Monterrey, they would not have acted like a lot of greenhorns when they tried to hold up a stamp-mill and smelter at Charleston, Arizona. His story seems to have the ring of truth more than most yarns, and he was really in a position to know as he was there when the action was taking place.



Barry Scobee photo of Bill Cole.

Four thousand sounds more likely in that section than thirty-nine gold bars and $90,000 in minted silver. The $90,000 would have weighed over 5,000 pounds and would have required quite a remuda of burros.

How did Texas get mixed up with Tombstone? People who alleged to have heard the tale from some of the gang stated that the loot was hidden at "Davis' Mountain, so-called because a man named Davis was killed and buried there."

According to Barry Scobee, Bill Cole seemed to rationalize it as being somewhere near where he lived at Valentine, close to the El Muerto Springs, and claimed he had a waybill for it. That led him to dig about eighty-five feet until he hit water. In later years he dug in his back yard, and then in his front yard where he had a tripod of poles over the hole. Bill claimed that in trying to pull up a chest he had broken off the ring from the top of it—which he showed to Scobee. He said that it was "too heavy for him" and that the "government would take it all in taxes." Well, Bill had the rusty ring to show, anyway.

That many people believe this legend is borne out by the fact that about three years ago a group of college boys came out to the Valentine area and started to work on the old shaft that Bill Cole dug over fifty years ago. They put a gasoline engine down in the shaft for some kind of power, and one of them was asphyxiated by carbon monoxide from the exhaust. One of the boys at the top had to go into Valentine for help, but the one at the bottom was D.O.A.

Had they properly researched the tale they would not have been there—probably. If they had known about carbon-monoxide underground, they would not have put the engine down there. Romant treasure hunters are looking for adven. ture. The greatest adventurer of all time, however, the late Admiral Richard Byrd, was right when he said that the man who has a dangerous escape is an unprepared fool.

Barry Scobee wrote a complete history of the Fort Davis area in two editions which are both sold out at present, and he knows that part of the country if anybody does. Scobee knew Bill Cole probably better than did Frank Dobie, who told the tale with the most complete detail of anyone. Scobee just wasn't as romantically struck by it. His letter to me in answer to some purely geographic questions wound up with, "Ford, there just ain't no buried treasure hereabouts."

The *Mesa de Fronteriza* as seen from the Big Bend, 30 miles away. With sheer cliffs thousands of feet high and nearly 100 miles long, it lies directly across the purported "escape route" from Monterrey.

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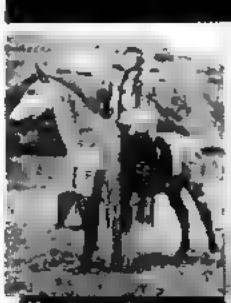
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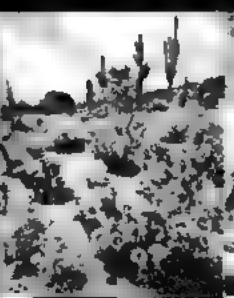
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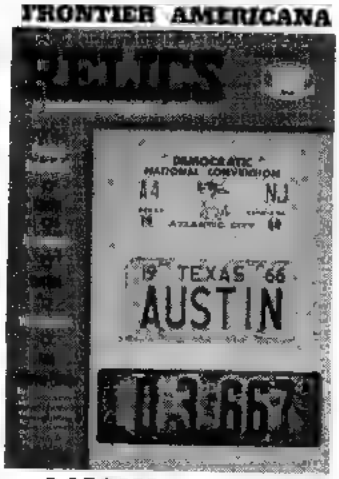

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Crazy Klondike Business Schemes

(Continued from page 38)

Strange as it may seem today, many otherwise sensible men who would not have considered a loan to anyone lacking collateral or at least a good reputation became blinded by gold fever and said goodby to their money forever.

Unlucky prospectors from the West, many of them totally ignorant of conditions in Alaska or the Klondike, would promise, for a substantial sum, to go to a valuable placer deposit and send back half of the gold from it to their donors. Most such advances soon found their way into saloonkeepers' tills. Partnerships in claims were always easy to buy. A bottle of gold dust exhibited over the bar as proof of a rich strike would sooner or later entice a new partner, who rarely asked to be taken to the location of the strike, or if he did was easily discouraged when told that it was a long distance and involved risks too great for the inexperienced. Such partnerships were sold over and over and were much easier work than thawing and digging down to bedrock with no certainty of finding gold at the bottom of the hole.

Phony employment bureaus flourished in some of the coast cities. Miners were promised jobs in the Klondike, but on their arrival discovered that the jobs were fictitious. Most were stranded, without money for a grubstake or return passage to the States.

Newspaper reporting in the Klondike was sensational and judging from the subscription price of the Klondike *Morning Times*, also quite lucrative. The paper sold for $7.50 per single copy or $350,000 a year with nuggets, nickels or stamps accepted as legal tender. For club orders the editor made a special offer of 1,000,000 copies for the insignificant sum of $30,000.

That the editor had a flair for writing far beyond the call of ordinary newspaper reporting can be noted in the following human interest type story.

"There was a hot time in the old town last night, as the frequenters of the Dirty Dog Saloon will testify.

"In the course of a quiet little poker game there was a clash between Bonanza Bill, formerly of Circle City, and a half-breed Indian known in the diggings as Chilkoot Charlie.

"The stakes were large. Over $2,000,000 in nuggets glistened on the table when all players dropped out excepting Bill and Charlie.

"Charlie finally weakened and called his antagonist.

"Bonanza Bill proudly displayed a pair of fours.

" 'No good,' said Charlie as he began to rake in the shining pot, 'I've got sevens.'

" 'Stop!' roared Bonanza, and with a quick movement he seized the cards from Chilkoot Charlie's hand.

"Charlie had a pair of deuces only.

"Piqued at the idea of being played for a good thing by Charlie, Bonanza Bill lost his temper and, seizing a cast iron cuspidor, he brought it down upon Charlie's head with great emphasis. Skull and spit-box were both wrecked by the force of the collision.

"Chilkoot Charlie was buried in a snowbank at the foot of Easy Street at 2:30 a.m."

Contests were run by the editor in which each contestant was given a vote for each copy sold of the Klondike *Morning Times*. Two of the best contests were for the most popular faro dealer and for the most enticing saloon gal.

EVEN clairvoyants played a part in the business promotions of the frozen north. A medium in the Klondike contacted a group of spiritualists in Chicago who sent out a prospector to locate the fabulously rich claims which the Klondike medium professed to see. Spirit guides carried on from there, but after the optimistic miner paid his fee to his spirit guide (usually by mail) his guide quickly lost interest in him and any gold he may have found was by earthly guidance only.

One unlucky prospector wanted to turn amateur detective and establish a stock company of trained men for the purpose of capturing the many criminals he felt were masquerading as prospectors in the Klondike. (He was unable to find anyone interested enough to join his company.)

A group of men from California invaded the Klondike with what they considered a real number-one money-making scheme. They attempted to organize barber's syndicate, and prepared the way to what they believed would be a bonanza by spreading propaganda on the subject of hairless miners.

"A man with a hairless face," they stated, "is more confortable and sanitary. Many men are unable to shave themselves and many who are able to do so have razors that are unfit for use." Pieces of red and white paper with the slogan, "Safety lies in clean-shaven faces," were distributed to the prospectors, and the newly-formed barber's syndicate waited for its first customers who never showed up. Sanitation and healthy faces were way down on the scale of miners' worries.

The magic of the name "Klondike" sold mining stock as fast as the printing presses could turn out the fancy certificates. Though some of this stock paid off, the majority of the stockholders never received their anxiously awaited first dividends. Twelve disappointed miners, who hated to return to the States without a stake, attempted to form a company for the development of coal beds as fuel. Large central depots would distribute heat to the gulches and thaw the frozen gravel. Considerable interest was expressed in the project at first, but when the promoters mentioned the enormous amount of money they deemed necessary to put their idea into action, interest dropped off.

With more and more prospectors pouring into the Klondike there was a great demand for dogs. One enterprising young man tried to organize a stock company to furnish dogs to the Klondike from the States, but when an old-time Alaskan miner reminded him that all dogs did not make sled dogs and that even a good dog has to be trained, he decided to abandon his idea for a sled dog company.

A few muscular men drifted into the

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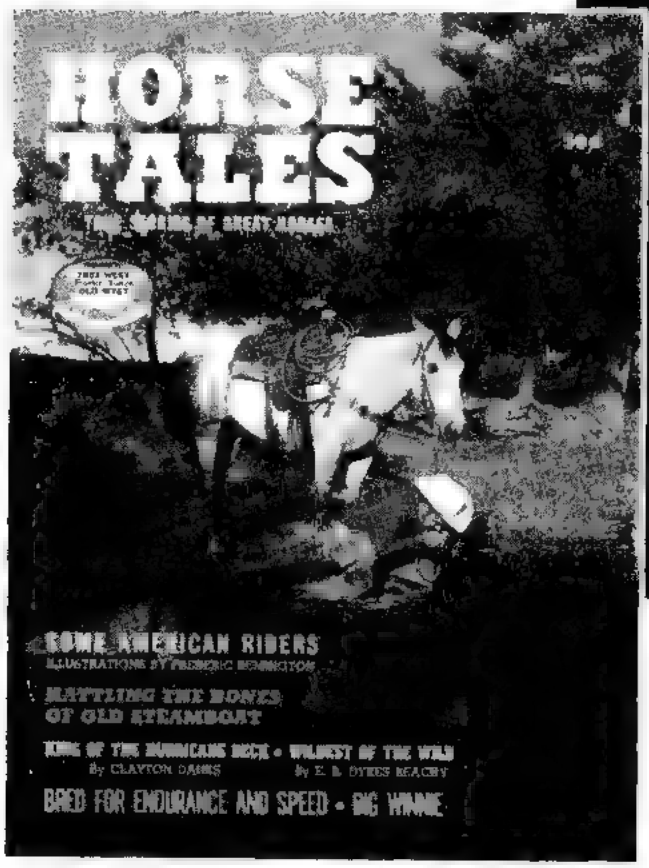
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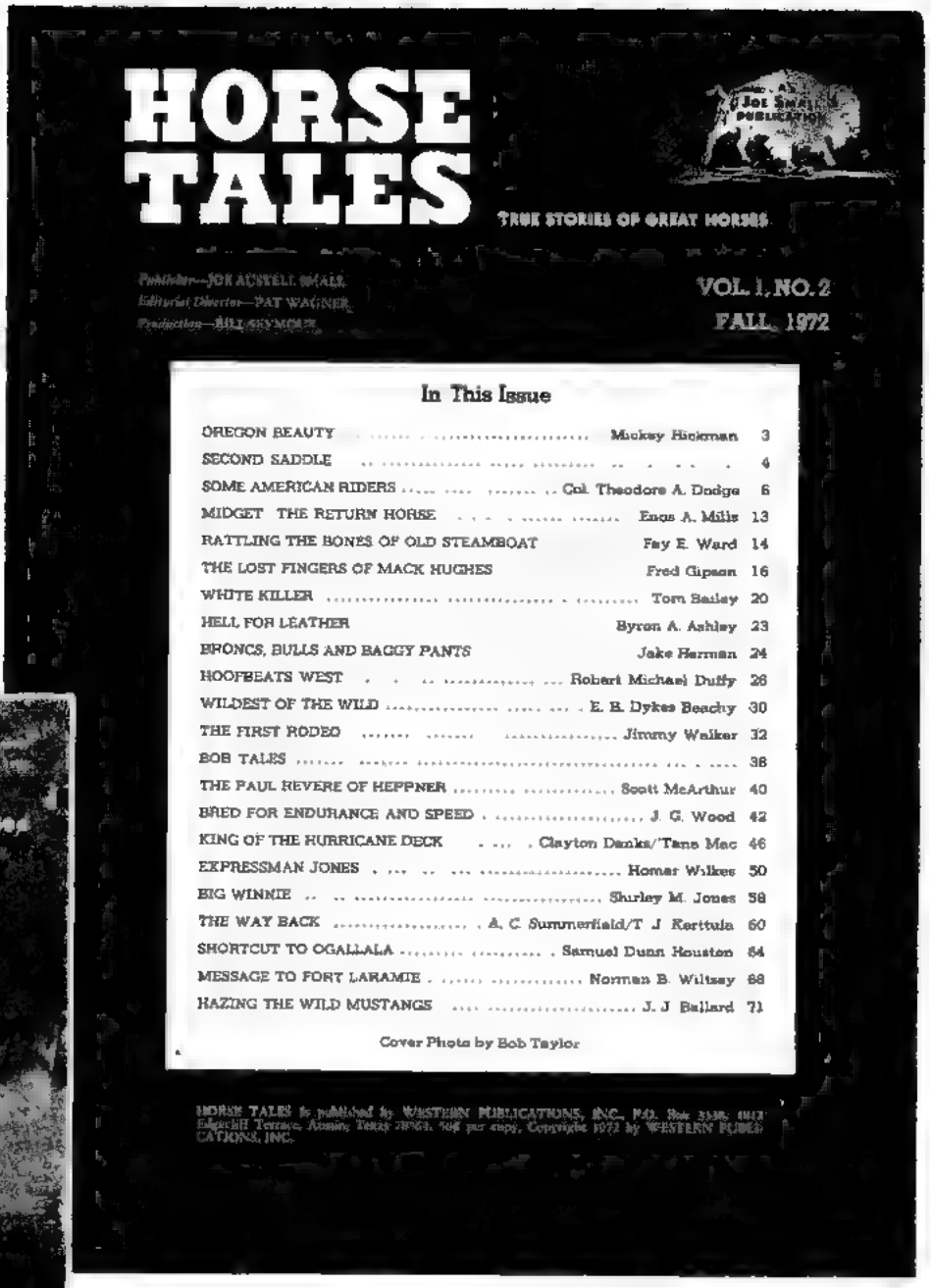
HORSE TALES

TRUE STORIES OF GREAT HORSES

VOL. 1, NO. 2
FALL, 1972

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Klondike under the role of pugilists. Most were unsuccessful aspirants to the prize ring in the States; others were inexperienced fighters who preferred the easy competition of the gold camps. Promoters quickly arranged fights by soliciting amateurs from various camps. Miners who lacked ticket money traded personal belongings—even articles of clothing—for the privilege of watching the opponents spar around with one another. Of course spectators soon tired of the bloodless farces and ran most of the would-be pugilists and promoters out of the camps.

HAD an award been presented to the most unsuccessful and foolish Klondike experiment, it surely would have gone to the Klondike Cultural and Social Library which was started by a middle-aged Englishman who deplored the lack of culture in mining camps. He tried to prove his theory that no man was ignorant by choice, and that given an opportunity full advantage would be taken of it. The Englishman started a small library with his own books, including a leather-bound copy of Shakespeare, and hoped to add to his stock later on. In connection with the library he planned a social center with girls transported from the States to act as hostesses. The girls would be selected for their good character and respectability and assured of employment by various business houses in camp before leaving the States. Their spare time would be spent at the library where they were expected to assist under-privileged miners in catching up on their neglected education. Under the influence of such girls the Englishman believed the library would acquire a home-like appearance which would eventually cause men to desert the unwholesome whiskey-laden atmosphere of the saloons with their congenial (as long as the customer's poke held gold dust) girls, whose bawdy singing and cancan dancing helped keep up the spirits of the miners.

Two fortyish social club-librarians arrived and the Klondike Cultural Center was opened with the Englishman in formal attire to greet the crowd. The miners took a long look at the two plain looking women who could neither sing nor dance, and conversed only on subjects unfamiliar to most of the miners. Back they went to their favorite haunts where culture was an unheard-of word. Said one prospector during a discussion of the cultural center, "I never knowed that Shakespeare guy when he was alive an' the way he talks I don't wanta know him now. As fer the ladies, they're just too ejicated fer the likes of us." The Klondike Cultural Center, sad to say, closed its doors on opening day.

This boom, as others before it, ran its course. According to record it was unusually free from the common mining camp brawls and disputes over claim ownerships, but when it came to unique and unrealistic business promotions, it was unparalleled in the history of early gold rush days.

The Philosophy of a Pioneer Lawman

(Continued from page 19)

Bill. He ran a few woolies but he kept them on his own property, and a cowboy could always get something to eat at Bill's.

"You know, just before Bill was killed—maybe a month or so before—I was sitting in my office in Greeley when a call came in from Wyoming, swearing out a warrant for the arrest of Jack Boyle. Boyle supposedly was going through the country between Greeley and Cheyenne setting fire to all the wool that had been shorn and stored in sheds.

"All the stock water in this area is owned by the State of Colorado and is under a lease to one or another of us cowmen. It is that way now and was that way then. We paid a lease fee for the water and in this way we owned—or, I should say, controlled—the range.

"Well, a Wyoming sheepman put 10,000 wethers on that range that just about ate it up. They sheared along the route, stored the shorn wool in quickly built wooden sheds, then moved on to better grass and sheared another band. Later on in court they admitted 10,000 head, but the way the grass looked in the wake of those sheep there must have been 50,000, and they sure did pile up a lot of sacked wool in those wool sheds.

"According to the phone call I got, Jack Boyle was riding through the country setting fire to all those wool sheds, and a warrant for his arrest was sworn

(Continued on page 68)

The "Arctic Pugilist" shown here camped out between bouts at Bergman, Alaska.

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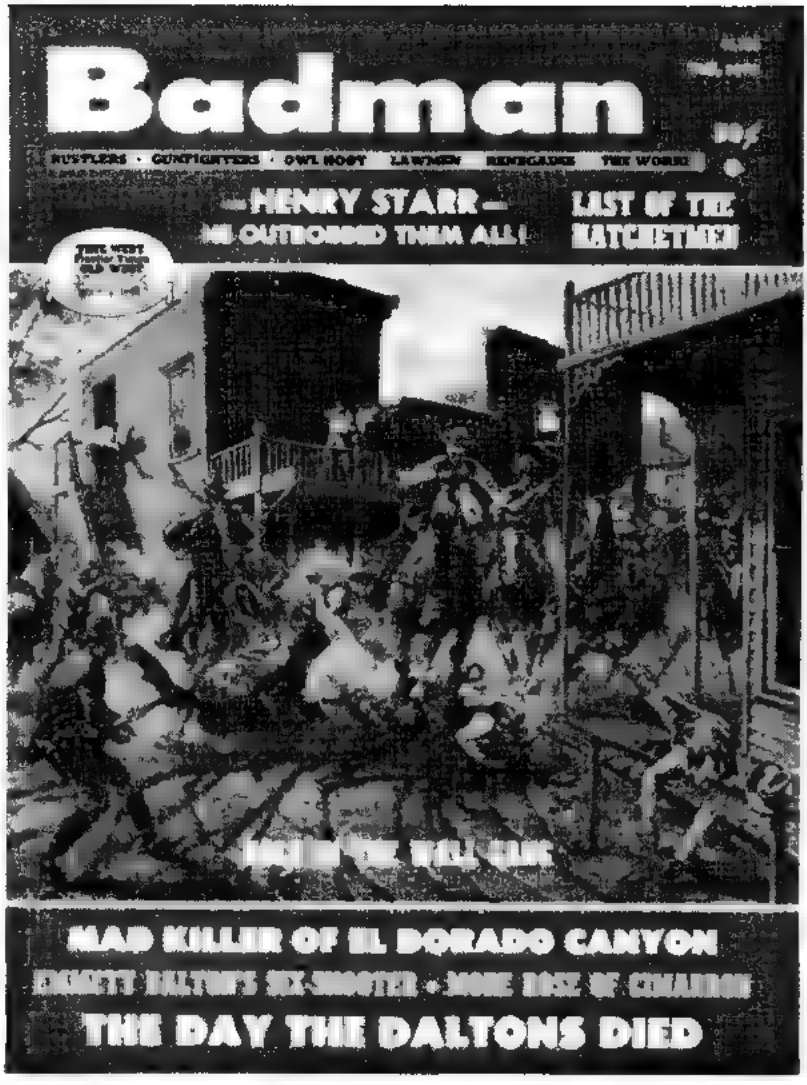
"These men lack a quality that most people have. Instead of having something—in this case courage—that most lack, they lack something that nearly everybody has. They lack fear. Their courage is not a positive quality that has been added, but a negative quality that has been omitted. Fear has been given to all animals as a protection, and they survive because they have it. They run away from danger and thereby avoid destruction. So do most people, whether they admit it or not. But there are exceptions, a few men who are fearless—utterly without fear."—Dr. Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.



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out, with me as the sheriff to serve the warrant.

"Well, I saddled a horse and took out. The trail was easy. I went to Squaw Lake and found the ashes of a wool shed. From there I went to Farr's Lake and found a wool shed in ashes. Same thing at Sand Creek and from there I came up here to the sod corral—and the shed here was still smoldering.

"I took out for the Wheeler Mill and when I got there it was raining a little. The wool wasn't burning too good, but the rain had made tracking *real* good. I could see where a saddle horse had started right straight for Chalk Bluffs and Wyoming.

"I rode just as straight for Jack Boyle's camp as I could ride, and when I got there I found a saddle on the ground covered with a wet saddle blanket. A saddle horse with dried lather on his back was grazing close by. I shoved open the door and walked in. Jack was asleep in the bed. I woke him.

" 'Jack,' I said, 'I've a warrant for your arrest.'

" 'What for?' he asked.

" 'For burning wool sheds down-country.'

" 'Why, Elliot, those wool sheds are in Colorado!' he protested. 'You can't arrest a man in Wyoming for firing wool sheds in Colorado!'

" 'That's right, I can't,' I answered. 'Get up and feed me a good breakfast and I'll go back to Greeley. I've had a long hard ride and I'm hungry'." Elliott smiled wryly in remembrance.

"YOU KNOW, Kid, everything was quiet around the courthouse for quite a little while, then one day a couple named Rose came in and swore out a warrant for the arrest of "Al" Cockran for the murder of their son Paul. Said that they had seen him do it and bury the body in a shallow grave, then steal fifty or sixty of Paul's cattle and head toward Nebraska with them. When I saw the tears in that old couple's eyes, I lost no time. I hitched a team of broncs to a buckboard, strapped on my gun, got Deputy Clark, and we took out for Nebraska.

"I'll never forget that drive. It was really hot—about a hundred in the shade—and, contrary to your thoughts, we did have shade. He had a big yellow umbrella fastened over the buckboard. If I remember right, it carried an advertisement of the Boise Payette Lumber Company. Hot or not, we drove right on through Weld County, Logan County, Sedgwick County, and crossed the Colorado-Nebraska line.

"Several miles into Nebraska, we saw a horseman driving about sixty head of cattle. We drove right across the prairie right up to him. It was Cockran and the cattle were carrying the Rose brand.

"He leaned over on his horse to see who was under the big umbrella. 'Why, howdy, Elliott! What brings you here?' he asked, shoving out his hand to shake hands with me.

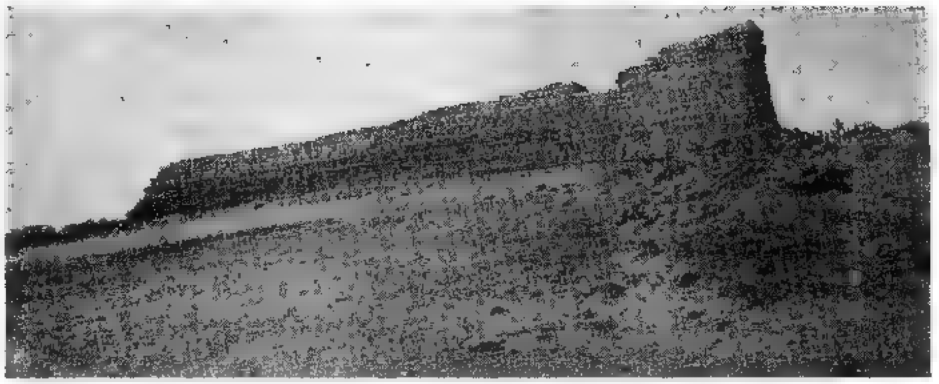
" 'I came after you, Al,' I said, taking hold of his hand. In fact, I never turned loose of it—I just pulled him off his horse and into the buckboard.

" 'I came after you for the killing of Paul Rose and the stealing of his little bunch of cattle.'

"Cockran's friendliness vanished. 'Rose had a mishap in Colorado, Elliott. You can't arrest me in Nebraska for something that happened in Colorado. Remember, you couldn't take Boyle from Wyoming into Greeley for burning up wool sheds in Weld County,' Cockran reminded me.

" 'Boyle was protecting his own cow range,' I said, 'but we are after you for *murder*, you low-lifed s-o-b!'

" 'Tie his horse behind the buckboard, Clark, cause we are taking him to Greeley, God willing—and I believe that God is on our side today.' "



The sod corral two miles east of Elliott's camp, where one wool shed was burned and dynamited.

Such was the feeling of most old-time lawmen about state lines and simple justice. According to the records Cockran was cleared of the murder charge but convicted of theft and conspiracy. After serving eighteen years, he was pardoned in 1907.

Jack Elliott's summer camp on the prairie, 30 miles northeast of Greeley, Colorado, and 30 miles southeast of Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Wolf Bait!

(Continued from page 31)

After nearly a week they were pretty much cured, and the next day was the day Dad was going over to Hartford, Arkansas to get a wagonload of supplies and sell the cow hide. Someone had said the man sometimes paid as much as three dollars for good hides; well, that hide of ours was a mighty fine hide in our eyes and we began to dream of a whole silver dollar apiece. I could already feel that silver in my pocket.

That was the longest day! It was getting dusky dark when Dad at long last pulled into our yard. We ran out to help unload the supplies and, of course, to ask the question: Did it bring two dollars or three?

"Take the stuff inside," Dad answered.

We could hardly wait for him to come from the barn. It seemed that it took him an extra long time to take care of the team that night. Supper waited on the kitchen table and after he had washed up and sat down I filled his big white cup with coffee from the old blue speckled granite pot. As he began to fill his plate one of the twins could stand the suspense no longer.

"Our dollars, Dad?" they asked.

"Dollars," Dad replied. Slowly he pulled his old leather pocket book from his overalls; slowly he twisted the little silver looking knobs on the top. "Spock" went the first little knob; "spock" went the second little knob, which we well knew contained the bills. The first side was for silver and small change.

Dad drew forth a one-dollar bill. "There she is, kids. That is what you got for the hide. You see, you cut several holes in it while skinning the cow and that took from the value."

Looking at me with a twinkle in his eye he said, "You used about a dollar's worth of mutton tallow on those hands so you didn't do so well on that deal. I suggest you consult me before you start making money so fast next time."

We "darned and double-darned" that cheating hide buyer for weeks.

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JUST after the hide deal it came hog-killing time. Dad always had eight or ten big fat hogs to butcher. As I helped with the scraping and scalding and cleaning I made sure I kept my hands well greased up with mutton tallow. That old K. C. Baking Powder can sure got a workout.

That weekend we kids wanted to go across the mountain and spend the night with the Harris kids. Dad said we could go and to get a couple of sides of fresh spare ribs and take them over. That was the custom. When you butchered you sent the neighbors a mess of fresh meat, and they in turn sent you a mess.

I was going to carry the ribs in a fifty-pound flour sack. They were too large to go in the sack so Dad took the chopping ax and hacked the ribs. "Hacking" was chopping the ribs in two a couple of times; made them just right for a nice-size serving.

I poked the big meaty chunks of spare ribs into a Yukon's Best flour sack and we were off. I've always wondered if the simple thing of hacking the ribs before we left home saved our lives. By such simple things are the courses of fate changed.

When we left home it was just three o'clock by the old Seth Thomas clock that sat on the mantle. No rain had fallen but the leaves underfoot were limp and soggy. There was no wind at all. It was one of those quiet, waiting sort of winter days when anything could happen. We were closed in by a grey hovering sky.

Talking and laughing we started out, but when we started up the steep side of old Poteau, we saved our breath for the climb. We went at a pretty good chip for we were accustomed to the grade and thought nothing of it.

As we climbed, the overcast sky came closer and closer and pretty soon clouds were all about us. We were walking in them. Eerie, wraithlike shreds of fog were like ghost fingers; they came creeping into our hair and eyes and all about us like an enveloping shroud. Just before reaching the top of the mountain, we stopped briefly. The last part of the climb was the steepest grade of the crossing. In some dim and prehistoric past a great upheaval of Mother Nature had sliced off the west side of the mountaintop. This was known as the "cut-off" by the whole countryside.

Majestic pines grew in all their virgin beauty on Poteau Mountain, and in summer wild huckleberries covered it in great profusion. Up we went, panting just a little as we walked at a fast pace to reach the top. Its peak was a flat tableland some quarter of a mile across. Reaching there we dropped down to rest a bit on some huge boulders that were scattered about. I set the sack of fresh meat on one of the big rocks and stretched my aching arms.

Here among the thick fog and clouds nothing seemed real. Even the trees were formless. Their tops were concealed by the clinging, swirling clouds. We were anxious to be on our way.

ONCE MORE I took up the heavy sack of meat and we walked silently, lowering our voices unconsciously to match the strange, unworldly tension about us. We walked fast.

Suddenly the hackles on our necks stood straight out, like they do on an animal when he senses danger. And there was danger—deadly danger—there on the trail behind us. We kids felt it.

Not a word was said. None was needed. As one, we struck into swift, silent running. We ran like wild things seeking shelter. It was almost two miles to safety. I could see nothing, hear nothing, yet every fibre of my being was fighting panic. The urge to go faster, which I could have done, being older and longer-legged than the twins, was almost unendurable. I am proud that not once did I run ahead of my small brothers.

Instinct and training told me that animals back there on the mountaintop were snarling and fighting over the place where I had set the sack of fresh meat. My hand darted down into the flour sack, and I flung spare ribs wildly on the trail behind us. Within seconds, it seemed, the snarling of fighting animals began again as they came upon the meat.

We were nearing the end of the mountain now and soon would come to the old worm rail fence that protected Mr. Contz's corn from range cattle. It was still daylight and though the sky was grey and wet looking it was very much lighter after we were below the clouds. The sky had receded to its proper place and things took on the look of solid earth once again.

Up and over the fence went the twins, one falling in a great sprawling plunge but up and running before I had time to clear the rails. As I climbed the fence I took one glance behind me and there, only a few yards away, running swiftly, red eyes shining and wide open mouths slobbering, were three great grey wolves.

I left the whole flour sack of fresh meat in the corner of that old fence and I landed, running hard. There was more snarling and fighting and this time the clear crunch of bones in powerful jaws came from behind us as the starving pack devoured the meat.

Across Mr. Contz's corn stubble we ran, across a narrow strip of woodland, and then we hit the log road that would take us to the Harris calf lot.

When we entered the little strip of woodland I once again looked fearfully behind me but there was no sign of the gaunt grey wolves this time. It was lighter in the cleared field and I could see the old rail fence plainly; they were not on our side the fence! Nevertheless, we didn't slacken our pace. Breathing in short thick gasps we hurried across the stubble onto the old log road and headed for the Harris barn. Here we stopped, sinking down to rest a bit and catch our breath.

As we sat here panting and looking back toward the mountain, it began to seem like a bad dream. Grey wolves in the Poteau? Fantastic! I had lived in the mountains too long not to be familiar with the jokes that went around about "city folks" who saw all kinds of big animals and bigger-than-life snakes and heard strange noises that could not be account-

(Continued on page 72)

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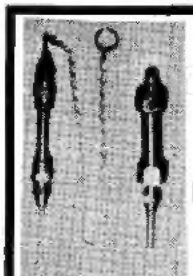

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(Continued from page 69)

ed for. I began to feel like we were going to come in for an awful lot of teasing about our wolf story, even though just the week before a man over by Cameron, just a few miles away over by the Sugar Loaf Mountains, had reported that some big animal had killed a yearling calf and a big hog.

AFTER all, we crossed those mountains almost every week and cattlemen rode them every day looking after the range stock that scattered everywhere. Hunters roamed old Poteau almost every night in the fall and winter, stalking elusive deer or wild turkeys. Not since the last known panther had been killed in Spook Hollow some ten years before had there been a real animal scare, so a tall tale by the Carter kids about being chased by wolves wouldn't find many believers.

"Tell you what, boys," I said. "Let's not tell Mr. Harris about the wolves, for he'll just laugh at us and Dad will get after us for fibbing." Agreed! We'd not tell!

We went on through the barn lot and up to the white picket fence around the house. I let the twins through and stopped to make sure the hoop over the pickets was down fast to keep the gate closed tight so the Harris baby could not get out of the yard.

When I stepped into the house everyone was huddled around the twins and they had just finished telling about the wolves that chased us! "And Dad sent you all a big mess of fresh meat but Sissie fed it all to the wolves," John finished just as I entered the room.

Wess, the other twin, chimed in, "Sissie fed 'em all across the mountaintop and we run all the way and we was scared."

Next day Mr. Harris, without mentioning the wolves, took his .44 Winchester from over the door and said he thought he would just walk us home and get Dad to go hunting with him. Pretty soon there were several men and a whole pack of hounds gathering in our yard, and off they all went on a hunt.

The big grey wolves were never heard of again in our immediate neighborhood but just fifteen miles away, over at the little sawmill town of Hodgens in the Black Fork Mountains, a farmer lost several head of calves to the traveling pack of huge Greys.

That stopped our going across the mountains, but we moved the following month, anyway, to a place that Dad thought just had to be better.

Walking the Wall at the Idaho Pen

(Continued from page 36)

of the postoffice system. Merchants had all of their packages sent via Railway Express. Every day several horse-drawn drays would deliver their loads at the Express office. Then the billing clerk's job would be to make out address labels for each package, after which they were glued onto the packages where they belonged and passed to the back room. There, they were loaded onto a high, four-wheel platform truck, leaving just enough room to clear the doorway. At train-loading time this truck was shoved out to the Express car and the packages passed up to the Express messenger who would stack them with their labels turned out for easy reading.

It was at this time that I was promoted to railroad messenger in charge of express, baggage, mail and money on the Oregon Short Line run from Boise to Nampa.

The messenger had to write up all packages on what was known as the "load sheet." This sheet was to be passed on to the messenger on the main line train so he would have a record of what he was to receive. The incoming traveling salesmen's trunks were dispatched as soon as possible to the designated hotels where they were assigned to sample rooms. The salesman involved would lay all of his samples out on display tables or racks, and notify his customers. At the designated time allotted to them they would come by and pick out what they needed and place their orders. This saved plenty of leg work on the salesmen.

One day I had just finished my car and was standing in the open doorway waiting for the engineer to highball. Suddenly I saw a familiar figure jogging down the platform toward me, with a handful of papers in his hand. Directly behind him came Deputy Warden Wilkinson. Just as Lymon Jones got to my door the engineer highballed, but Jones did hav time to yell up to me that he had bee paroled. The deputy warden grabbed hin and shoved him aboard the car behind th express and baggage car. When we ar rived at Nampa I got to see Jones lon enough to wish him the best of luck as free man. I never heard of him again.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 48)

married Elizabeth Ferguson Hawks widow of Richard Hawks, by whom sh had four children: Robert born 1792 George born 1794; Fanny born 1796; an Susan born 1798.

Elizabeth was born in 1770 but I d not know where or who her parents were She lived and died in Illinois. James Mc Dowell died in 1805 in Illinois and Eliza beth died in 1813. They had two chil dren: my great-grandfather, Nelson Mc Dowell, born 1801 and died 1873 in Missouri; and Rachel born 1803 and died i 1833. Nelson married Catharine Crissy Casebier in 1828 in Morgan County Illinois. She was born in 1807 in Muhlenberg County, Kentucky to David Casebier and Elizabeth Chenoweth Casebier. Nelson was raised by his oldest half-brother Robert Hawks. From Illinois he moved to Dade County, Missouri where my grandmother and mother we born.—Mrs. J. R. Padden, 4323 South Street, Tacoma, Washington 98405

Matejcek

My grandfather, Wencel James Matejcek, immigrated from Usti and Orlici near the border of Czechoslovakia and Germany around 1888. He received his citizenship papers in 1891 and married Anna Hoch of Cresco, Iowa later. Their children were: Mary, Anna, Frank and Morris. He disappeared from Wahpeton, North Dakota around 1901. Wencel had a sister Marie in Usti and Orlici and also a cousin in Wahpeton, North Dakota named Mrs. Benda. He was known as Jim and was a meat market operator at the time of his disappearance. He also was a musician. Anna, his daughter, is the sole survivor of his children and is my mother. Any information will be appreciated.—Edith H. Shurman, Route 1, 23201 N. E. 10th Avenue, Ridgefield, Washington 98642

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4-26
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RIFE AMONGST THE RIFF-RAFF, WHOSE VOCAB'S SOMEWHAT CRUDE, PROFANELY, WHAT IS KNOWN AS "GUTS"?: INTESTINAL FORTITUDE!
WHAT MAKES YOU DO SOMETHIN' HARD YOU KNOW HAS TO BE DO'D? GOOD OL' STIFFEN'D-UPPER-LIPP'D INTESTINAL FORTITUDE!
HOW'S A FELLER GO 'BOUT GETTIN' SOME O' THAT 'TESS'NAL FORTYTOOD?
JUST STEP UP TO A BAR-TENDER AN' GIVE IT THIS!
MEDICINE MAN
T.K. RYAN

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Christmas cards of the West

T508 **A Surprise in the Sky** – Merry Christmas and Happy New Year – **Thomas**

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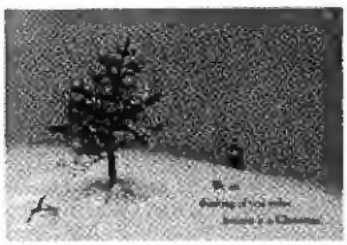

T565 **The Spirit of Christmas** – We are thinking of you today because it is Christmas, etc. – **Saidow**

T606 **Heigh-Ho!** – It's Christmas again! May yours be joyful and your New Year happy! – **Goodwine**

T512 **Happy Tracks** – Merry Christmas and Happy New Year – **Christofferson**

T622 **Christmas Eve in the West** – May the Peace of Christmas be with you, etc. – **Harvey**

T607 **Ranch Country** – May the meaning of the Season be deeper . . . this year – **Thomas**

T614 **". . . a shaft of light across the land."** – With every good wish for Christmas, etc. – **McLean**

T626 **Born to Run Free** – A Blessed Christmas and Happiness through the New Year – **Delaplane**

T601 **"Hello there, folks! How have you been, etc."** – Merry Christmas and Happy New Year – **Harvey**

T641 **Helping Hands** – . . . to wish you the Merriest Christmas our good Lord can bestow! – **Marks**

T616 **Bronc to Breakfast** – May there come to you this holiday time . . . Friendships – **C. M. Russell**

T647 **The Legend of Napi** – May the Great Spirit of Christmas Abide With You, etc. – **Powell**

T635 **"I'll wish for the snowman's nose."** – A Season of Joy to you dear friends, etc. – **Bender**

T649 **When Christmas Day has come and gone . . .** – Merry Christmas and Happy New Year – **Dailey**

T605 **Greetings from our Outfit to Yours** – With best wishes at Christmas, etc. – **Salisbury**

T618 **A Cowboy's Prayer** – May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you, etc. – **Salisbury**

T656 **"May the warm winds of heaven . . ."** – With Best Wishes for Christmas, etc. – **Lang**

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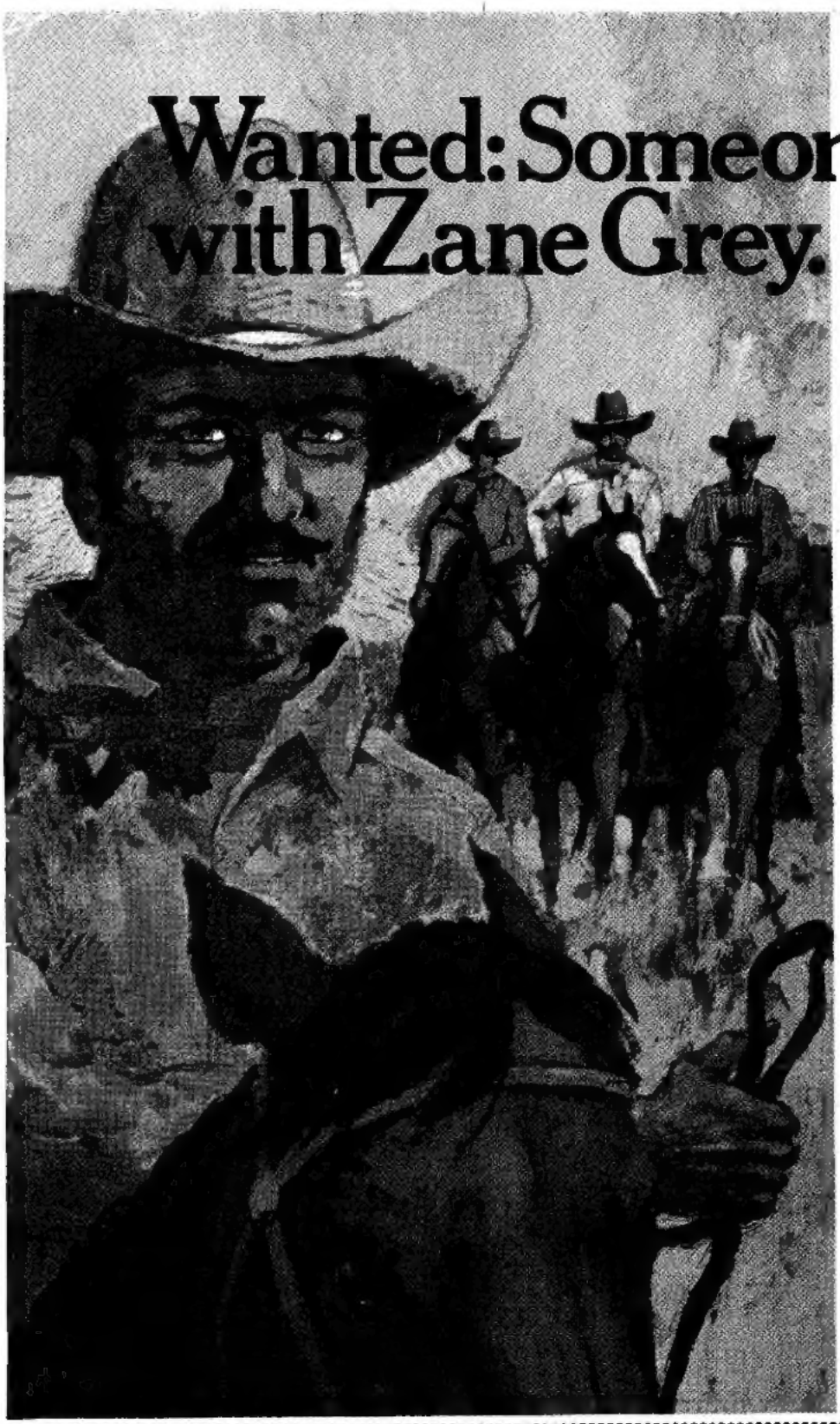

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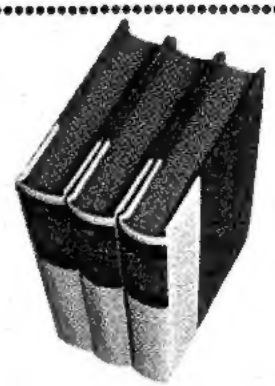

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